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PERSONAL POLITICS.

POOR Mr. Gladstone! The cabman who knocked him down in the street the other day and nearly killed him, said at the police-station that the G. O. M. showed what the lawyers call "contributory negligence." That is just like a London cabby, and in the same way it was just like Mr. Gladstone to beg the police to let his assailant off easily. If Mr. Gladstone ever got his fingers nipped by a lobster, I am sure he would follow Oliver Wendell Holmes's ironical advice — and buy it. But, after all, there was some excuse for the cabman. Mr. Gladstone should never walk alone in London. To begin with, he walks too quickly—five miles an hour is still his pace when he is in good form—and then he is absent-minded. Of late years, moreover, two serious physical defects have been added. The G. O. M. is getting very near-sighted, and rather deaf. He has to wear the strongest glasses, and it becomes an increasing difficulty with him to follow speakers in the House of Commons who address the assembly from below the gangway. Mr. Gladstone's habit then is to slide down the front Opposition bench till he gets to the corner seat, and then, leaning forward, and making an ear-trumpet of his hand, to listen with might and main. A well-known politician, who had an interview with him at Hawarden some time ago, told me that Mr. Gladstone complained to him rather sadly of his failing sight and hearing. But he added with a bright smile, "Whatever troubles I have had, or may have, I never in my home relations had one moment's cause for grief or pain." A wonderful thing that for a man to say with fifty years of married life behind him!

* * * * *

Age, which is beginning to claw our Grand Old Man "in his clutch," which every year steals a note or two out of the silvery voice, veils the glorious eyes, and dulls the hearing, has hardly touched his wonderful memory—save, perhaps, in minute details—and when the dread hour comes his whole correspondence will be found neatly tabulated and arranged for his biographer. The advance of years, however, has one other effect on the G.O.M.: he is less interested in politics and more in books. He devours everything—history, novels, theology, criticism, and prefers to talk of these subjects to gossiping on current affairs. His appetite, too, is fresh as a boy's. He eats everything, except oysters, which he hates; and drinks nearly everything—hock, claret, champagne, port. A little time ago he kicked over the traces and wouldn't obey his doctor, to whom he is usually most attentive. He insisted that Sir Andrew Clark didn't "understand his case." But, having had his fling—it was a speech he insisted on delivering—he went back to discipline again, like the Grand Old Boy that he is.

* * * * *

Everybody is talking of William O'Brien's evidence before the Commission last week. It was a mystery to me how he got through it. He has shrunk to a mere shadow; his face is sallow, with the skin tightly drawn over it; and when he came out of the box he was literally bathed in perspiration. The Attorney-General, while pressing him hardly, was much more gentle with him than with the other defendants; and, on the other hand, O'Brien was much more defiant. What backthrusts he gave, straight from the shoulder; the pale grey eyes—O'Brien's eyes are pale—flashing fire. the thin, nervous hand clutching the rail of the witness-box, the voice rising from a whisper to a shout. I wonder what the Judges thought of it all. Sir James Hannen's face twitched nervously and the frown deepened. As for Mr. Parnell, the grave, self-contained man was beside himself with delight. He pressed his colleague's hand warmly, and smiled on him affectionately. Whenever Mrs. Gladstone has been in court, she has closed her visit by shaking hands with Mr. Parnell, Mr. Davitt, and Mr. O'Brien.

* * * * *

If Mr. Parnell were to retire from the leadership of the Irish Party, I may say that O'Brien would probably take his place. Strange as it may sound, the excitable, fervid editor of *United Ireland* is in private counsel a quiet, moderate man, obstinate on some points, but devoid of all personal vanity, willing to give way when the, to him, vital points of honour and conscience are not in question, and even distrustful of himself and of his judgment. He is a bachelor; lives on £200 a year; inhabits two little rooms in the Imperial Hotel, Dublin; is a devout Catholic; never rests; writes with extraordinary rapidity; uses no notes in speaking; and is the most popular man in Ireland.

* * * * *

It is a mistake to suppose that any of the three men who were hanged at Manchester—Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien—in connection with the shooting of Sergeant Brett, fired the fatal shot. The man who aimed at the keyhole of the van, and shot the sergeant who was sitting behind the door, is now living at Chicago. He denies having aimed at Brett.

* * * * *

The gentleman who is responsible for the mobbing the Prince of Wales got at the Horse Guards' Parade is Colonel Howard Vincent, Volunteer Colonel, ex-head of the Detective Department, ex-Liberal, ex-everything. "Leave it in my hands," he said to his colleagues on the County Council, and they left it—with the result that the Prince will want a new coat of paint for his carriage, the Princess a new bonnet, the Duke of Cambridge a new umbrella, and Colonel Howard Vincent a brand-new character.

* * * * *

I hear that the following lines were picked up in Spring-gardens, with an Earl's coronet in the corner of the paper on which they were written:—

We left it in the hands of Howard Vincent,
Said he, "I'll see you through this little lot:
I can manage the 'detecs.,' and can square police-man X,"
But if he *volunteers* again—we'd rather not.

Yes, we left it in the hands of Howard Vincent,
And though our Colonel was n't on the spot,
Yet his friends of other days had the very primest "lays,"
And if he *volunteers* again—we'd rather not.

* * * * *

Shall I tell you who is the real author of the Bill which is to make your sugar dear? Well, it is not the Baron De Worms at all, or rather De Worms would be of very little use without De Lawrance. In other words, the Baron has a very smart young secretary of that name, who, it is whispered, writes his letters for him, gets up his facts, log-rolls the pressmen, and generally keeps the sugar-loaf from melting. Mr. W. T. Lawrance is a very tiny man, not up to the shoulder of the burly Baron, but he is a smart lobbyist, an old west-country journalist who knows the tricks of the trade, and a much cleverer man of the world than the Baron, with all his airs and graces, his good dinners, his rich wife, his pictures and his fine house, and his talent for languages, especially the language of £. s. d. Ever since the Baron first became anything like a prominent figure in politics, Mr. Lawrance has had more to do with his fortunes even than most private secretaries who before this have made their masters, have done.

* * * * *

There are some well-known private secretaries now in public life. Mr. Balfour was secretary to his uncle, Lord Salisbury; the Speaker was secretary to Sir William Harcourt; the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Yates Thompson, was secretary to Lord Hartington; and so on. A secretaryship to Mr. Gladstone has always been a passport either to Parliament or the Civil Service.

* * * * *

I was reading the other day a story which I hope one day Englishmen will be able to peruse, in the graphic account which I was privileged to see. It was the history of the latest Nihilist trial, and especially of Lopatine, by far the most remarkable of the prisoners. The story of Lopatine is a kind of tragedy such as no country but Russia can ever produce. There is no doubt that in this extraordinary creature, who has twice escaped from prison, outwitted the keenest Russian detectives, assumed a hundred disguises, played a score parts, Russia has lost a great genius for statesmanship. As long as there was the smallest hope of success through constitutional methods Lopatine resolutely refused to have anything to do with the Terrorists; but he was driven into their arms at last, and his fate is sealed for life. Perpetual imprisonment is his lot. His speech at the trial is one of the most moving pieces of natural eloquence I ever read. His great regret was that the police had not given him time to swallow the incriminating documents which were found on him, and which helped to convict his fellow-conspirators. I only hope, as I said, that this most fascinating book will one day be given to the world.

TOWNSMAN.

ASIDES.

BY "NO GENTLEMAN."

I NEED not introduce myself. Since I am "No Gentleman," you do not desire my acquaintance. For the same reason I shall not have to thrust my conversation on you in spite of that. My province is to say things which a gentleman would say. They are mere asides, but then it is a proof of my delicacy that I am in gentlemanly instinct, that I always make my asides loud enough for everybody to hear me.

* * * *

What is this about mobbing the Prince and Princess of Wales on the Horse Guards' Parade on Saturday last? A review of the Household Cavalry is announced for the half-holiday; the ground is not kept clear for the fire squadrons and the Prince; thousands of people assemble; the Royal carriage gets surrounded by persons who have not been introduced at Court; and the Prince mounted police at once act with great vigour.

* * * *

You must understand that a mounted policeman acting with great vigour in a crowd does not mean that he is acting a comedy with a happy ending. He acts in various ways—all of them aggressive, and some of them dangerous. He hits you; hustles you; charges you; makes your horse trample on you; and does everything. Even Judge Homersham Cox declares a policeman has no right to do until the Riot Act is read. Now, if I were a gentleman, I should say some very hard right for being such a cad as to stare at the Princess and follow her about, and even look down on the steps of her carriage. And, as a gentleman, I think that a cat may look at a king, especially if it has paid very heavily for the privilege—say from £800,000 to £1,000,000. But between one thing and another. However, that is not the point. The question is whether such an incompetent person in authority has any right the public to occupy an open space which has been selected for some ceremony, he is to be allowed to clear them out summarily by means mounted police.

* * * *

Observe the mischief of the Prince's visit. Had he been no gentleman, he could have gone out and walked home through the crowd like Tom, Dick, or Harry, with his wife on his arm. But being a gentleman in the most aggressive form, his neighbourhood is treated like that of a burning house, or a quarantined Italian town, the people being violently driven away from the hazards. If I were a Prince, and they refused to treat me as if I were the cholera; or if the officials attempted to maintain my privacy by rough-and-ready brutality, I imagine I should know how to make them wish they had never been born.

* * * *

The fact is, we have to bring the manners and morals of our public authorities up to the gentlemanly standard. A sensible Prince knows that he cannot have his own way in everything, that he must cure himself of the notion that his personal dignity demands that other people's convenience should yield to his; and, above all, that he must not use personal violence except in such rare extremities as make it necessary for self-preservation. The gentleman, on the other hand, holds that he must make himself respected and obeyed by prompt and courageous action, never bending his indomitable will to accommodate anyone else, and making it his boast and honour that nobody shall ever "get the better of him." I view with alarm the marked growth of gentility among the police.

* * * *

As to the sentiments with which Lord Wolseley openly seeks to imbue our soldiers, they are frankly atrocious. But I am not sorry that we have at last, from an enthusiastic expert, had the ashamed insistence on the necessity of the fighting man belonging to an Ishmaelite order. Here for its motto: "Evil, be thou my good!" Here our soldiers, instead of being for the most part men of the vaguest and most conventional principles, victions, who have drifted into the army because they could find nothing better to do, were to be field struck devotees of Lord Wolseley's new creed. should have to place upon our barracks, "Beware, do in China, a board inscribed: "Beware of Here are SOLDIERS!"

* * * *

The whole duty of a soldier is to murder for pay, without asking questions as to his officer orders him to. He has, under no conditions, no guarantee that the order will not be given when, in the judgment of the officer, the of his fellow-citizens, immediate bloodshed needed to avert still greater evils.

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It will be perceived from the above that I am a moralist. My reputation in that department being now established, however, I change

"ADVICE TO MOTHERS."—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are teething. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural quiet sleep by relieving the child entirely. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It is perfectly harmless. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.—[ADVT.]

subject in order to bring forward a grievance of mine against the Royal Italian Opera. Why does Mr. Augustus Harris refuse to admit me to the stalls unless I am in evening dress? Evening dress is the dress of a gentleman; and I am no gentleman. Am I therefore to be excluded from the only house in London where Italian opera is at present to be heard? The enormous majority of Englishmen are not gentlemen. Are they also to be excluded? Mr. Harris replies: "Yes; unless you choose to put on evening dress." My friends add, "Do not be alarmed; no one will even mistake you for a gentleman." But this is a matter of personality. Once in my cold boiled shirt and swallow-tails, with face washed and hair brushed, I look exactly like a gentleman; and that is just what I complain of. I am no drone at the social feast, but a skilled worker, paid by the piece, and guiltless of a farthing of income derived from "property." How would Mr. Harris like it if, on going to a meeting of workmen or County Council election business, he was stopped at the door by the legend, *Corduroys indispensable!*

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Talking of the theatre reminds me of the exquisite Mr. Charrington and Miss Achurch are going to try at the Novelty Theatre by producing Ibsen's "Doll's House." My own opinion is that if Mr. Charrington approves of the play he will succeed. It may follow, however, that he will play the hero badly: for he, like all heroes, is a perfect gentleman. The drama takes place in a charming little household, the home of a rising young man of business (the gentleman aforesaid), who works hard to get on in the world, and finds relaxation, recreation, and pure domestic joy in the attachment of his wife, Nora. Her good looks are so precious to him that he not only will not let the winds of heaven visit her face too harshly, but he objects to her eating lollipops lest they should spoil her teeth. An ideal husband, dear reader; a type of steady, hearth-and-home, healthy, middle-class chivalry.

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But what, do you suppose, comes of it all? The young wife suddenly begins to wake up to the fact that the arrangement narrows her life to a mere functioning as his plaything and nursery-maid, a view which strikes him as extremely unlady-like, but which he is unable to deny when she makes him face it fairly. So she, now and then, walks out of the house which is nothing but his nursery and harem, and vanishes. I will say. An unsatisfactory ending for a play, you say. Do not be too sure of that. I saw it once in Amsterdam; and I never saw a play listened to with closer attention. Even a knot of heavy young Dutch bloods, who had evidently paid at the doors under a quite mistaken notion of the character of the entertainment, got interested, and eventually quite absorbed. The applause had a specially-earnest tone; and at the close, the performers were called three times before the curtain. Yet—mark this, Mr. Charrington, if it should meet your eye!—not a word of the play was altered except so far as was necessary to turn it from Norwegian into English, and the final situation was presented exactly as Ibsen contrived it.

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It cannot be denied, however, that gentlemen of the type of the master of the "Doll's House" may be involved in a domestic crash by the influence of the play. It set women thinking hard in Norway, where the break-up of the home is the natural consequence of woman's sphere has gone here, and it will set them thinking equally country than in Norway. Do I surprise any reader by going on in this cool way? Well you see, if you *will* read a column written by no gentleman you have yourself to thank!

* * * * *

In politics I am, I need hardly say, an out-and-outer. I therefore rejoice to find respectable London associations all over London waving the red flag, and passing resolutions demanding New Factory Acts, more inspectors, payment of members, taxation of land and unearned incomes. Hooray! "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?"—those are my sentiments. These political associations are proposed to represent the political activity of the country; and yet in metropolitan wards where the population runs to thousands in male adults alone, the halls hired for the ward meeting are large enough to accommodate about a hundred people, and the majority of these who appear. If you move a resolution at one of these meetings, the first thing is to take away everybody's breath. Then you rise, as a man of stupendous political initiative and invite you to join. Then they pass the resolution unanimously. Finally, they come up to you one by one to remonstrate about it, as they don't "go with" at all, which they don't see where the money is to come from.

N. G.

Inventor of the Electric Accumulator.—M. Gaston Planté, the inventor of the electric accumulator, died in Paris on May 23. That invention alone entitles his name to rank with the first pioneers of electric science during the latter half of the century. The deceased was also the author of M. Francis Planté, the pianist and composer, who probably enjoys even a wider and certainly more popular reputation in France; but M. Gaston Planté's fame will endure.

Though you:—
And Rub! Rub! Rub
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
To do in a day
What Hudson's Soap will do in an hour.
In the old-fashioned way
Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT of Soap in fine powder. Hudson's Extract leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

MUSIC: THE DRAMA: FETES.

TWANG the banjo, rattle the marrow-bones! Brother Jonathan having invaded London, it is fitting our welcome guest should be quickly followed by that exquisite specimen of American art, *Harper's Magazine*, the June Number of which I can strongly recommend to all interested in popular music. Why? Why, because it contains a most readable article, vividly illustrated, with several portraits, upon "The Negro on the Stage," by Mr. Laurence Hatton. The author may astonish you by starting with Othello, but he speedily engrosses the reader with particulars of T. D. Rice as the original "Jim Crow," Charles Dibdin as Mungo, and of the Christys. Mr. Burgess, of the far-famed Moore and Burgess Minstrels, will be bound to add this June issue of *Harper's* to his valuable library.

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The playhouses must not monopolise us this hot weather. The Spanish Exhibition, at Earl's Court, West Brompton, and West Kensington, opens this Saturday. America first appeared there, then Italy, and this Summer we are to have a glimpse at Sunny Spain. There will be exhibited the Arts, Manufactures, Textile Products, Fabrics, Metallurgy, Ironwork, Lace, Wines, Cigars, Sports, Pastimes, and National Costumes of the land of legend and romance. Lieutenant Dan Godfrey will be there with his famous Grenadier Guards' Band; and there will be a band from Spain, as well as other lively bands. The Middlesex Magistrates will not allow a bull-fight; but that famous artist, Kowalsky, will reproduce one on canvas in the building occupied last year by the Diorama of Naples. The Illuminations are in the hands of James Pain. Mr. John R. Whitley's face will be missed this year; but in his place will be found Mr. Vincent A. Applin, as managing director, and sunshiny Tom Burnside to aid him. Given fine weather, the Spanish Exhibition should be a great success.

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The Crystal Palace Management deserve to draw a large contingent of our numerous American and Colonial visitors to the beautiful pleasaunce at Sydenham, as they have been prompt to set sail to catch the zephyrs of early Summer. As open-air as well as indoor entertainments come within my province, I may legitimately refer to the brilliant success of the first grand Fireworks display of the season, given by Messrs. C. T. Brock and Co., the most famous of pyrotechnic artistes, manifestly to the delight of the many thousands that thronged the terrace of the Crystal Palace on Thursday se'nnight. This is the twenty-fifth year that Messrs. Brock have illuminated the lovely grounds of the Crystal Palace by their unrivalled exhibitions of Fireworks, which have now become such colossal affairs that the expenditure amounts to about £10 per minute. The Thursday Fireworks nights at Sydenham should become the rage. Of unsurpassable beauty are Brock's dazzling new effects: the lilac and laburnum rocket-showers; and the Spring, Summer, and Autumn set-scene and merry laughter is occasioned by the droll pyrotechnic prize-fight. Bravo, Brock!

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Italian Opera—or, rather, Opera in Italian—progresses well at Covent-Garden. Without "bright particular stars" effective representations are given; and the past week included "Carmen," "La Traviata," "Faust," and "Aïda." Miss Ella Russell was brilliantly successful in Violetta, her fresh, sympathetic voice having lost none of its charm. Madame Valda made a satisfactory, if not a striking, Aïda; and the Russian basso, Signor Abramoff, was admirable as the High Priest. His voice is of more than two octaves in compass, from the lower D to the upper F sharp. The new tenor, Signor A. D'Andrade, represented Radames moderately well. Madame Scalchi reappeared as Amneris, and had a cordial welcome. Among the younger vocalists few have made such a rapid advance as Miss Margaret Macintyre. "Native talent" is in the ascendant, for Mr. Barton McGuckin also takes a high position. Madame Albani goes to Covent-Garden after all. There was a sharp contest between Mr. Augustus Harris and Colonel Mapleson to secure the Canadian prima donna; Augustus Imperator winning at the finish.

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It is curious to note that of the eighteen operas in the Covent-Garden list only seven are really Italian, while the vocalists are English, American, French, German, Spanish, Russian, Hungarian, and Belgian, as well as Italian.

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Mr. Mapleson is determined to make a start in the operatic race. He takes up the lighter school of Italian Opera, such as the works of Bellini, Donizetti, Ricci, &c., and promises an Italian version of Bizet's "Jolie Fille de Perth," and a revival of "L'Elisire d'Amore" which in other days charmed audiences with its pretty melodies which Mario and Grisi sang so delightfully. There is no sign of "Grand Opera" in Mr. Mapleson's prospectus. He promises a dozen new singers, and some well known to fame, as, for instance, Trebelli, Galassi, Tremelli, Sinico, Frapolli, &c. He intends to give "Maritana" in Italian, and asks the supporters of Italian opera to have faith in his good intentions. Musical amateurs will, I dare say, not be deaf to a good thing when they hear it. As a rule opera-goers look to the stage and not to the prospectus; and if they find what they require on the stage of Her Majesty's, Mr. Mapleson will have his reward. He opens with the "Barbiere" on Saturday, June 1; Mdlle. Gargano making her début as Rosina.

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The Wagnerites celebrated the birthday of their idol at the Richter Concerts in brilliant style; but they might do so without pilfering the laurels of Mozart or Weber, who have written splendid operas as well as Wagner, to whom, however, must be given the credit of reviving the great aims of Gluck in making opera what it should be—dramatic. The languishing strains of Bellini, the gay "guitar" melodies of Rossini, and the catching tunes of Donizetti had swept away what really belonged to "grand" opera; and thus a new generation regarded "The Flying Dutchman" and "Lohengrin" as revelations of dramatic music. The Richter orchestra did wonders with the orchestral passages; and the weird, fantastic "ride of the Valkyries" created a sensation. But in selections from Wagner's operas, not even Mr. Edward Lloyd and Miss Anna Williams could atone for the absence of stage illusion. Amateurs who want to hear the real Wagner should visit the Royal Italian Opera, and enjoy "Lohengrin." Meanwhile, Mr. Carl Armbruster is going to try the "Rheingold," with a pianoforte accompaniment. He is an admirable pianist, I grant; but the picturesque "Rheingold" without the orchestra or scenery can hardly realise Wagner's dramatic, musical, and poetic dreams.

* * * * *

The modern Paganini, M. Sarasate, had a splendid audience on Saturday at St. James's Hall, when he introduced one of Raff's sonatas for pianoforte and violin. It was the second in A major, and I do not remember to have heard it played in London before. The exquisite tone, refined style, and perfect execution of M. Sarasate proved as attractive as ever. As a soloist he is unique.

* * * * *

M. Peter Benoit, the Flemish composer, is attracting the attention of musical amateurs. He will conduct an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall, and will take part in other musical affairs. M. Benoit is one of the best representatives of the modern Flemish school, and his oratorio "Lucifer" was admired when given recently by Mr. Barnby at the Albert Hall. M. Benoit aims at what is known as "dramatic" oratorio. The French go further still, and bring sacred subjects into opera.

* * * * *

M. Valdimir de Pachmann's recitals of Chopin's music combine the most exquisite musical art with a poetic feeling rare among modern pianists. To render Chopin perfectly the impulse and passion of the poet must go hand in hand with the utmost technical skill and with the moods of the composer, at one moment chivalrous and ringing with martial fire, and at another full of vague sentiment and dreamy reverie. M. De Pachmann is equally in his element in interpreting Chopin's most impassioned or romantic ideas, and in the tempo rubato, in which he dwells for a brief space longer on one note or phrase and curtails a less important passage without breaking the general tempo, M. De Pachmann excels all other pianists and probably approaches more closely to the style of Chopin than any living pianist.

* * * * *

The melting heat has not by any means exhausted the energy of theatrical managers. One of the most experienced of stage directors, Mr. John Douglass, is busily rehearsing the powerful new nautical drama of "True Heart," by Mr. Henry Byatt, at the Princess's, when the stage is not required by Miss Grace Hawthorne for "Now-a-days." Mr. Douglass is also on the look-out for a suitable theatre at which to produce at a matinée Miss Amy Steinberg's new comedy, "My Uncle." As was once said by a distinguished writer, who had not always such a good banking account as he has now—"I think we've met before."

* * * * *

"Faust Up to Date," the merry musical burlesque of MM. Sims, Pettitt, and Lutz, compulsorily ended its remarkably remunerative run at the Gaiety last Saturday; but was dutifully followed by the "Mashers" to the Islington Grand.

* * * *

The season of French plays undertaken by that cosmopolitan genius, Mr. Henry Abbey, at the Gaiety, began well on Monday with M. Emile Augier's play of "L'Aventurière" (the original of "Home"). For my part, I infinitely prefer Tom Robertson's English adaptation, "Home," in which Sothern and Miss Ada Cavendish were so fine at the Haymarket. But it was impossible not to admire the splendid acting of M. Coquelin as the truculent Aunibal, and of azure-eyed Madame Jane Hading as the fair Clorinde, "L'Aventurière."

THESPIS.

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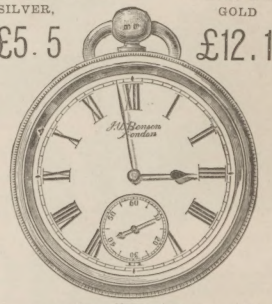

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LONDON NOOKS: CORNER OF STAPLE INN.

Mr. Arkinstall nodded curtly in answer to Ralph's final salute, and turned, with his daughter's arm through his own.

A GAME OF BLUFF.

BY HENRY MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "MONKEY-MEPHISTO," AND JOINT AUTHOR OF "A DANGEROUS CATSPAW."

CHAPTER I.

THE soft dusk of a spring evening was falling as two young fellows sat together at table in the dining-room of Becksford Manor House. The elder, a grave and at present rather sombre-looking man of nine-and-twenty, leaned forward with his crisply-bearded chin in his hand and his elbow on the table, and stared with a troubled and wistful look out of window, over his companion's head. If by any chance he was thinking, as he might have been, that in all human probability the passing of a very few hours would make every acre of the rich domain he gazed at his own property, the thought brought him but little comfort at the moment. Among the portraits on the wall, one, occupying the place of honour over the sideboard, was curiously like him in feature, though the face was beardless, and the dress that of forty years ago. The young man glanced at it from time to time without turning his head; and even when the shadows had gathered so thickly about the painted face as to make it a mere dim blurr upon the wall, his eyes still occasionally travelled in its direction. It was his father's portrait, and the now old and faded original lay dying overhead.

His companion, who might have been some three or four years younger, had sat out the dinner for the most part in silence, after one or two vain attempts at conversation. Now and then he slightly changed his posture, or chinked his fruit-knife absently against his glass; but these signals—if they were intended as such—were lost upon the other, who thought his own thoughts, and took no heed of him. Once or twice the long silence betrayed the younger man to the beginning of a yawn, which he stifled as promptly as if it had been broad daylight and his companion as watchful of him as a cat of a mouse. He hailed the deepening darkness as a comedian welcomes the moment at which he gets into the wings and out of eyeshot of his audience, after a long scene, and let his face change gradually from the expression of sympathetic melancholy it had worn during the repast to one of half-humorous half-petulant boredom, which seemed more natural to it. Once he got out a couple of bars of a popular opéra-bouffe air in a whispering whistle, but stopped suddenly, and seemed relieved when he saw that his companion had not noticed this outrage on the mourning proprieties.

The soft-footed butler entered, bearing coffee and lights, and moved noiselessly about the room, closing the shutters, and bestowing the candelabra on the table and the chimney-piece. The younger man's face had gone back to its sympathetic sadness before it became visible.

"Any orders, Mr. Thomas?" The low-breathed query had to be respectfully repeated.

"Orders? No, Johnson; no. I beg your pardon, I was—I was thinking. Nothing at present. Has my father asked for me?"

"No, Sir." The man lingered for a moment, and withdrew.

"Shall we take our coffee on the terrace, Tom?" asked the younger man. "It's a lovely night."

"I don't want any coffee; but we'll go out for a minute, if you like. I want a breath of fresh air."

"I should think you did, old fellow, after"—— He did not complete the sentence, but took up his cup and followed his cousin from the room. The air outside was warm and still, and here and there, in a sky deluged with faint moonlight, a star was twinkling.

There was a broad stone seat in an embrasure on the terrace, with a little rustic table of twisted wood beside it. While the elder strolled slowly away to the further end of the house, and stood staring vacantly towards the village, where a few lights had sprung up, the younger bestowed himself at ease, and worked off a little of the *ennui* which oppressed him by a mighty, silent yawn and a prodigious stretch.

"Cigarette?" he asked, proffering his case to Tom as he walked back. Tom silently accepted it, stood holding it absently in his hand for some seconds, and finally sat down and smoked, still in silence.

"You're a good fellow, Ralph," he said presently. "It isn't everybody who'd come and keep a fellow company at such a time."

"My dear old man," said Ralph, "don't mention it. I am only sorry it is all I can do. I thought you would be the better for a little companionship."

"It was very good of you," said Tom; "and I sha'n't forget it." They smoked on in silence for a minute or two, until he spoke again, with the manner of a man taking refuge in commonplace from some too-persistent thought. "Elsie is back from Paris, Arkinstall tells me."

"Yes; she's back."

"Have you seen her?"

"Two or three times. We were always rather chums, you know. Children together, and that sort of thing. Don't you think, by-the-way, that uncle would rather like to see her? He used to be very fond of her. She wears the watch he gave her on her birthday still."

"He knows she's back; Arkinstall told him. No. If he had wanted to see her he would have said so. What is she like?" he asked, after an interval of silence.

"Very pretty."

"She always promised to be that."

"She has kept her promise. She's a very charming girl. Prettiest girl I've seen for a long time; and not a bit spoiled. Frank and natural. No airs. Took me up where she left off five years ago, in a most delightful way. It's rather embarrassing, do you know, to meet a full-fledged young lady, fresh from a finishing school, whom 'one remembers last as a little hoyden in brown holland."

"I suppose so," said Tom, absently.

"She was rather grizzling because she's got to wait till next season to come out."

"A very good thing that she has."

"So I told her. She'll lose her first freshness quite soon enough." He spoke with that air of hoary experience which the youngest man who can boast of a moustache assumes when canvassing the charms of a woman, as if he had seen successive generations bloom and fade. "I say, I suppose old Arkinstall's enormously rich?"

"Hallo!" said Tom, with the flicker of a smile. "Has it come to that already?"

Ralph blew a light cloud into the air, and watched it melt before he answered.

"No," he said, "I wasn't thinking of the money—together. I have two subjects—Elsie and the money—together. The thing came into my mind, that's all. I suppose he is pretty well off, isn't he?"

"I should say so. One of the richest men in the county. You'd better look alive, old man. Make your hay while the sun shines; eh?"

"What are you driving at?"

"Why, she's coming out next year, isn't she? Where do you think your chance will be then?"

"Bosh!" said Ralph, with an easier manner than before. "I'm not that sort of man."

"What sort of man?"

"Why, the fortune-hunting sort."

"I don't know about fortune-hunting," answered Tom. "My creed about that kind of thing is very simple. If I wanted a woman, I'd tell her so, if she were a Vanderbilt and I hadn't a cent. And if she took me, other people might say what they liked. Any man with a pair of hands and a head is the equal of any woman alive, be-

"What a ferocious Radical you're becoming, Tom!"

"I don't know whether or not that's

Radicalism, but I'm pretty sure it's common-sense. There's a lot of absurd nonsense about that kind of thing in plays and novels, and now and then, I daresay, even in real life. Mind, you must understand me as speaking broadly. When I say that any man"—he emphasised the word to give it its full value—"is the equal of any woman in the matrimonial way, I want certain things understood. I mean, if the man really loves the woman, it's a question purely between themselves, and what other people may think is nothing to either of them. If he doesn't, he's a humbug if he makes love to her. If he does, he's a fool if he doesn't make a try for her. And I believe, too, that you can pretty generally trust the woman to find out whether he's sincere or not. Let any woman come spooning me," he continued, with that belief in his own acuteness so commonly found among simple-minded men, "and I'll back myself to know whether it's me or my money she's after. And in such matters as that, women are a great deal cleverer than men."

"When their vanity doesn't interfere."

"I don't know that they are so much vainer than we are, after all," said Tom.

He fell back into silence for a few minutes, and rose abruptly.

"I must get back upstairs. What do you mean to do?"

"I shall go for a short walk, I think."

"You won't be late?"

"No. Back by ten."

They passed together through the dining-room to the foot of the stairs, where Ralph found his hat, and with a silent nod to his cousin, let himself out by the front door, closing it softly behind him. He stood still for a moment before descending the steps, and drew a long breath of relief, as if glad to find himself in the free air, emancipated from the stupefying atmosphere of the great silent house, filled with that black shadow of imminent death. There was a faint light behind the drawn blinds of a room on the first storey, and a shadow crossed them as he glanced up before turning away.

"Tom's right, begad! It isn't every man who'd stand it," said Ralph to himself. "But then, it isn't every man who has got such good reason to stand it. It can't last much longer, and then I think it ought to be all right. Tom's a good-natured fellow; he ought to be a safe draw, in moderation. I think the old man is booked for the passage through this time, though there's no knowing. He's been pretty bad before, and they've managed to tinker him up and set him going again. It would be like my luck if he pulled through! It would be deucedly like my luck!"

"Any news, Sir?" asked the lodge-keeper, touching his hat as he opened the side-wicket on which he had been leaning.

"Nothing satisfactory, Brown," said Ralph. "We must prepare ourselves for the worst, I fear." He sighed. "The common lot, Brown; the common lot!"

He went on slowly, with his head a little bent in what he considered a suitably dejected attitude, viewed from behind, till a turn of the road took him out of the man's sight. Then he paused to light a cigarette, and went on again at a brisker pace, communing with himself.

"How odd people are! Here's Tom, who'll be master of a big estate and Lord knows how many thousands a year, actually grieving because an old curmudgeon who's kept him out of them all this time is going to die, what he ought to have done years ago, and leave him free to enjoy them. He really is grieving!" He insisted on the reality of Tom's grief as if he had been arguing with an unbelieving adversary who denied it. "There isn't a grain of humbug about Tom. He is genuinely sorry. The old man has made a positive slave of him ever since he left Oxford. He hasn't as good an allowance as many a schoolboy; though, for the matter of that, he couldn't spend it if he had, tied down here from year's end to year's end. And he not only stands it, but seems to like it, by Jove! and to want it to go on! It's really remarkable; it is really very remarkable. Natural affection is all very well. I suppose a man's father is his father, however much of an old screw he may be; but there's reason, or ought to be, even in a man's affection for his father. If Tom were not such a straight-sailing outspoken sort of fellow, I should really be inclined to think that he was a little overdoing it."

The road on which he walked was a long and straight one, shut in on either hand by a high hedge. Its prospect terminated with an oblique view of a light low iron gate, leading to the carriage drive of a big private house, standing well back from the road, and a foot or two of stone wall protecting the garden. The moon was shining brightly by this time, and Ralph, who wore a tweed suit of a colour so light as almost to pass for white in the dusk, and a straw hat, would have been plainly visible at a considerable distance. This may possibly have been the reason why a young lady, strolling absently with a book in her hand, along the gravel-path approached by the iron gate aforesaid, happened to be just turning to continue her promenade in the opposite direction as Ralph came level with the gate.

"Ralph?" she asked, peering at the light-clad figure as it stopped and saluted.

"Yes: I'm just taking a little stroll. A lovely night!"

She had been walking with her book, she said, until it had grown too dark to read, and was just thinking of going in. It had been too dark to read with any possible degree of comfort for the last two hours. But Elsie was very young as yet, and had a good deal to learn, even in the wiles proper to her sex.

"Not yet, I hope," said Ralph, "or I shall think it is I who have driven you away!" He took the volume, and made out the title-page by the moonlight. "Browning. Oh, come!"

"Why shouldn't I read Browning?" asked the girl; "isn't it proper?"

"Proper? It isn't a question of propriety. But do you mean to say you like him?"

"Why shouldn't I like him? He isn't nearly as difficult as people make out, and there are lovely things in him. I've just been reading 'In a Gondola.' Oh, isn't it beautiful?"

"I don't know. I never read it. But I will, if you say so. I say, Elsie"——

"Miss Arkinstall," she corrected him, with great dignity.

"It used to be Elsie in the old times."

"The old times are gone. I was a girl then. I am a young person now. I am grown up. I have completed my education."

"But when we're alone?"

"No. You'll get into the habit, and be doing it before other people, and shocking *les convenances*. What is the English for it—*les convenances?*"

"There isn't any, thank goodness. They don't exist here."

"Oh, don't they though? Ask Mrs. Frost." There was a muffled female figure reclining on a seat on the lawn at some little distance, and Elsie, glancing towards it, lowered her voice, as if she had been afraid of waking its owner from her sleep—as perhaps she was. "Give me the book, please."

"No," said Ralph, avoiding her hand. "If I do you'll go away and leave me."

"Of course I shall. It's getting late. Please, Ralph."

"Mr. Purden," he said maliciously. "I am no longer a boy. I am grown up."

"You haven't finished your education, though, or you wouldn't rob a poor girl of her property."

"There you are, then," said Ralph, restoring the volume. "I throw myself on your mercy."

"I'll stay a little, if you're good."

"I am good, while I'm with you. It's only in your absence that my natural proclivities break out."

"Have you any news of Sir George?" asked Elsie.

"No," said Ralph, sliding easily from badinage to gravity. "Tom, poor fellow, looked so very downcast that I hadn't the heart to ask him."

"I haven't seen Tom yet, since I came back."

"No. He dare not leave the old man for long at a time. He gets very fretful if he does, and Tom is too fond of him to give him any avoidable pain."

"Poor fellow!" said Elsie. "It must be dreadful to have to stand by and watch anybody you love die. Not to be able to help, or to relieve pain, must be worse even than suffering it."

"Tom stands it very finely," said Ralph, with ready sympathy. "I have never heard a word of complaint from him. He has not been beyond the park-gate—indeed, hardly outside the house—for weeks past."

"It must be very dull for you," said Elsie.

"Well," Ralph admitted; "it's none too lively; but if Tom can stand it I needn't grumble."

"Yes; but it is Tom's duty to stay beside his father."

"Well, you see," said Ralph, with that kind of half-shamefaced defensiveness with which one justifies a good action, "it would be enough to drive a fellow melancholy mad to be there all alone, under such circumstances. Somebody had to keep Tom company, so Dick and I had a talk about it, and we decided that, as he was too busy to come, I should, and—here I am. It isn't so bad, after all. I potter round the place all day with the bailiff, and talk about draining and subsoils, and manures and crops and machines, and try to persuade him that I know something about them—not always very successfully, I'm afraid. Then there are the new cottages they're building up on Rickman's Hill, and the new well they're sinking in the hollow. With those things, and Tom's society at meals, and the newspapers, I manage to get through the day fairly well. I daresay it's no worse a life than the average country gentleman's."

"You mentioned Dick," said Elsie. "What is Dick doing?"

"Dick's at the Bar. He was called last year. He hasn't very much of a practice yet; but he'll do well enough, I daresay. He writes, too."

"What! books?"

"No. In the papers. Articles on low life in London and that sort of thing. Last time I called on him in his rooms he introduced me to a burglar and a pick-pocket."

"Ralph!"

"Fact, I assure you. He has a most delightful set of acquaintance, and moves in the highest circles of criminal society. Not at all a bad training for a barrister. It ought to be very useful to him when he gets a practice."

"And when are you going to do anything?"

"I? Oh, I don't know. Some day or other, I suppose. There's no hurry."

"There would be, if I were a man," said Elsie. "I should never rest until I found something to do—something I could put my whole heart and soul into. A man ought to work."

"I shall buckle down to something some day, I daresay," said Ralph.

"That's a little vague, isn't it?"

"Perhaps I'm rather a vague sort of fellow," said Ralph. "Dick seems to have absorbed all the energy on our side the family. I'm a lily-of-the-field variety. And then, you see, Dick's got incentives that I haven't. He's *got* to work, and I needn't, because I have enough to live on without it." This speech, to be strictly truthful, should have run: "I *had* enough"; but strict truthfulness was not a prominent trait of this young man's character. Perhaps, with a certain kind of subtle perception which distinguished him, he felt this reason to be hardly a sufficient one in Elsie's mind, and hastened to supplement it. "I should have done something before now, but for a reason which perhaps you will think rather foolish. There are so many fellows who must work, and so little for them to do, that I can't help thinking it's a bit of a shame for a man who has enough already to diminish their chances. If I could find something to do which would not crowd out somebody else who wanted it more, and who would probably do it better, I'd jump at the chance."

When a young girl of a naturally charitable and generous nature wants to think well of any particular young man, it does not need much exercise of diplomacy on his part to greatly encourage her in that direction. Ralph's idleness changed to thoughtful self-denial in Elsie's mind.

"How beautifully that jasmine smells!" said Ralph. Elsie's head, as she leaned lightly against the gate, was framed by a waving line of the fragrant white stars, like that of the "Blessed Damzel" in Rosetti's lovely poem and picture. She plucked one of the blossoms and inhaled its odour.

"You might give me that," said Ralph.

"This?" she asked, holding out the floral snowflake on an open pink palm. "Certainly."

The frankness was a little overdone, and she blushed a little after the gift, thus giving it the significance he wished it to bear, which he helped to impart by the lingering touch with which he took it.

A step approached them, crunching the gravel of the walk. There had been a phrase of half-burlesque and all reality on Ralph's lips about the little gift he had received, but he did not speak it. The intruder—a grey, elderly man, a little bent—came into the moonlight, and, after standing still for a moment to peer at the couple at the gate, came on towards them.

"Good evening, Sir," said Ralph, with a kind of defiance unwittingly ringing through the cordiality of his tone.

"Good evening," responded the senior, with no expression whatever. "It's getting late, Elsie."

"Yes, papa," said Elsie, obediently. "Good night—Ralph." The pause was hardly perceptible, but it was there, and she let her hand linger for an unnecessary twentieth of a second in the young man's. Mr. Arkinstall nodded curtly in answer to Ralph's final salute, and turned, with his daughter's arm through his. Ralph moved away, but stood still to listen until the sound of their feet had died away upon the gravel.

"Confound him!" he muttered, as he moved on again. "And yet—he's right. He would be more right than he is, if he knew everything. How pretty she has grown! And, O Lord, Lord, what an ass I have made of myself, to be sure!"

He walked home slowly and despondently. He did not notice that the windows of the first floor were as dark as the rest, and that the usual silence of the great house at that hour of the night seemed somehow deepened. The butler opened the door in answer to his discreet summons.

"You will find Sir Thomas in the library, Sir," he said in a solemn murmur.

Ralph started, with a face suddenly gone pale.

"*Sir* Thomas!" he repeated.

"Yes, Sir," said the man. "Sir George died at nine o'clock."

(To be continued.)

It would be as absurd to say that Art is not for the people as it would be to declare that horse-racing is not for the people. Of course, the average man cannot possess a good picture any more than he can own a good race-horse. But there is no reason why he cannot see and enjoy good pictures just as he manages to see and know about good horse-racing.

I admit it was different in the old days, when pictures almost always decorated the walls of churches and public buildings. They were really associated in the most intimate way with the lives of the people. Now, however, the chief place to find them is in the public galleries and the exhibitions, the managers of which have, as a rule, thought so little of the convenience of the people, that the latter have come to look upon pictures as something quite distinct from their own lives—something not intended for them.

Take the National Gallery, for example: it is open during working hours, closed at the only time nine-tenths of the people of London have the leisure to think or care about pictures. On Bank Holidays, on Saturday afternoons, it is, however, so crowded that it shows the people, if they had the chance, would probably be just as much interested in the work of artists as were the Florentines in the time of Giotto; though I think due allowance must be made for the fact that the English people have not the same artistic sense as the Italians or the French. What it would be if they had the chance of cultivating it, of course, nobody knows.

At the other galleries, at Burlington House, the New Gallery, the Grosvenor, and the hundred and one smaller exhibitions, matters are even worse. The admission fee, however small, is prohibitive to the many. The Academy, by opening its doors in the evening for sixpence during a certain period of its yearly exhibition, has taken one little step in advance. But the other day, when I was in Paris, I could not helping thinking they ordered these matters better in France. There the Salon has its five francs day, its two francs morning; you can be exclusive if you choose. But on Sunday, at noon, the doors are thrown open, and the admission is quite free. A half-an-hour, or even an hour, beforehand, if you pass by, you will see a mass of people—workmen, soldiers, priests, women in silks, women in cottons, men in frock-coats, men in blouses—waiting as they would at the doors of a popular theatre. All the afternoon they keep crowding in until it becomes almost as much of a sight to watch the people as to look at the pictures.

It was exactly in this sense that art was for the people in the much talked-about Mediæval Ages. The artist then did not work for them directly any more than the painter or sculptor does to-day. But it so happened that the men for whom he did work made more generous use of his pictures and statues. The difference is not in human nature, in human perceptions, but in the conditions of life.

And not only this. Some of the cleverest artists of the day have devoted themselves entirely to black-and-white, and all their original work is found in magazines, for which you pay ninepence or a shilling each. The monthly magazines are important monthly exhibitions. And, therefore, I intend to devote quite as much space to them as to the picture shows. For example, a most interesting article is that on "Our Artists in Europe," by Mr. Henry James, in the June *Harper's Monthly*.

It will be my object, not to write critical notices, but rather to point out good work and to show why it is good. The test of excellence usually accepted is a man's reputation; but I do not know of any more unreliable test, whoever the artist may be, and of this there is proof enough this year at the Royal Academy and the Salon both.

At the Royal Academy, for example, one of the very finest pictures is not by a Royal Academician, but by an artist whose name before this year was hardly known. I mean "The Prodigal Son" (136), by Mr. J. M. Swan: a mysterious landscape stretches away in the distance, in the foreground is the prodigal, with the swine at his feet wallowing among poppies. It is solemn and impressive, standing out strongly from the pictures which surround it; but, fine as it is in composition and feeling, it is no less admirable in its technique: look how carefully every detail is drawn or suggested. Through the courtesy of Messrs. Boussod and Valadon, who have the control of this picture, it is, I understand, to be bought by the Chantry fund. All the Chantry Bequest pictures—which everyone ought to see—hang at South Kensington, where the galleries are open three evenings in the week, and the admission is free. Mr. Swan has a large painting of a lion at the Grosvenor Gallery, and at the New a smaller canvas, showing Polar bears swimming in a blue sea; but neither of these is as pre-eminently successful as "The Prodigal Son."

J. P.

TO STUDENTS.—To all those who burn the "Midnight Oil," engaged in mental labour, we would recommend CADBURY'S COCOA; its comforting, exhilarating, and sustaining powers are extraordinary. Beware of imitations.—[ADVT.]

HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

The Queen spent her seventieth birthday at Windsor Castle. The birthday "barty" included Princess Christian, Princess Louise, the Duchess of Albany, and the inevitable Prince Henry of Battenberg. The cake and candles which are so important a feature at all birthday festivities in Germany were not forgotten.

Her Majesty is about to go to Scotland for four weeks, after which she returns to Windsor for a fortnight, and then proceeds to Osborne for the summer. It is possible that she will not go to North Wales after all. Enthusiastic Taffy has sent her Majesty a genealogical tree showing her descent, through Owen Tudor, from Cadwaladyr, and this was too much.

Amongst the birthday honours conferred in commemoration of her Majesty's birthday are baronetcies for Mr. Boehm, the sculptor, and Professor Stokes, the mathematician. Mr. Boehm has, no doubt, become Sir Joseph Boehm in recognition of the graceful design on our Jubilee coinage. He was born in Vienna, of Hungarian parents, fifty-five years ago.

A new statue to the Queen has been unveiled by the Prince of Wales in the Medical Examination Hall on the Victoria Embankment. The statue, of which Mr. F. J. Williamson is the sculptor, is cut in Sicilian marble. The figure is clad in robes of semi-State, and decorated with various orders.

The Prince of Wales is a very busy man. He already has engagements, we are told, for every day till the middle of August. But some of them do not involve much intellectual effort, for they include a week in Paris, the Derby, Ascot, and Newmarket Races. The Emperor William of Germany, by-the-way, is expected to be present at Goodwood Races.

The Prime Minister gave a full-dress dinner at his house in Arlington-street in honour of her Majesty's birthday. The Prince of Wales and a large number of foreign Ministers were amongst the guests. The Marchioness of Salisbury held a reception at the Foreign Office in celebration of the same event, at which nearly 2000 persons were present. The grand staircase and magnificent reception-rooms were adorned with palms and a large variety of flowering shrubs and plants, the decoration of the rooms being principally in arum lilies and double red geraniums.

Mr. Gladstone has had a narrow escape. He was knocked down by a passing cab in Piccadilly on the night of May 23. The athletic youth of seventy-nine immediately ran after the cabman, whose name and number were taken by a policeman. All's well that ends well. The right hon. gentleman was only a little shaken, and went on his way without his identity being generally discovered.

Mr. Gladstone has also put in an appearance in the Parnell Commission Court during the cross-examination of Mr. O'Brien. He took a seat by the side of Mr. Lockwood, and, with his hand behind his ear, endeavoured to catch every word that transpired between the Attorney-General and Mr. O'Brien.

A deputation from various Irish town councils waited on Mr. Parnell at the Westminster Palace Hotel, and presented him with a congratulatory address. In expressing his acknowledgments, the Irish leader declared that he did not accept the present tribunal of judges as fitted or able to decide the grave issues that had been laid before them.

Burglars, beware! Everyone is not so kind as Mrs. Burnett's Editha. In the House of Lords the Bill to authorise your flogging when you are found with firearms has been read the third time.

The Shah of Persia again! Lord Salisbury is to give a great party at the Foreign Office in his honour, and the Prince and Princess of Wales a garden-party at Marlborough House. Happy Shah!

Mr. Labouchere is apparently chief mourner for Mr. Irving Bishop in England. The elect of Northampton was awarded £1500 damages against the thought-reader, but he did not get his money, and he fears he won't.

"Labby" likes his joke. "Years ago," he says, "I was an attaché at Stockholm. The present Queen, then Duchess of Ostrogotha, had a baby, and a telegram came from the Foreign Office desiring that her Majesty's congratulations should be offered, and that she should be informed how the mother and child were. The Minister was away, so off I went to the Palace to convey the message and to inquire about the health of the pair. A solemn gentleman received me. I informed him of my orders, and requested him to say what I was to reply. 'Her Royal Highness,' he replied, 'is as well as can be expected, but his Royal Highness is suffering a little internally, and it is thought that this is due to the milk of the wet-nurse having been slightly sour yesterday evening.' I telegraphed this to the Foreign Office."

The will of John Bright has been proved at Manchester, the net personalty amounting to £85,000. The deceased statesman expresses a strong desire to be buried by the side of his wife, parents, and many friends "in the little graveyard attached to the Friends' Meeting-House at Rochdale."

A Frenchman has been found who loved perfidious Albion. He is dead, of course; and his friends wanted to prove that he was mad. He left all his money to the poor of London. The will was disputed, and two French Courts have annulled the will, and pronounced M. Travers insane.

The new United States Minister to London is Mr. Robert Lincoln, a son of President Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln was received by the Queen last Saturday.

To Darken Grey Hair.—Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[Advt.]

To Cure Skin Diseases.—Sulpholine Lotion drives away all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[Advt.]

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By our Lobby Correspondent.

Well may one say in these latter times "Behold how these Scotchmen love one another," for what greater contrast could there be than that presented during the past few days between an Irish and a Scotch debate. Steadily and peacefully the Scotch Local Government Bill has been making its way through the second reading stage. Knotty points without number have arisen—points upon which Liberalism and traditional Conservatism might have been expected to come into direct and sharp conflict. And yet there have been few angry words—certainly far fewer in three days than there would be, for instance, in three hours of an Irish or perhaps even of an English debate upon an equally vital question. A gentle rebuke of "my learned friend, Lord Advocate," has generally sufficed to exhaust the wrath of Mr. Campbell Bannerman; while even Dr. Cameron and Dr. Clark have rarely allowed threats to take the place of gentle appeals. All this is, of course, very gratifying. It may be, no doubt, that the Lord Advocate is a milder-mannered man than Mr. Balfour, and that the Scotch members have less cause for assuming a warlike attitude than their friends from across the Irish Sea; but this, at least, is certain, that the way in which Scotchmen pull together in Scotch affairs is worthy of emulation in all quarters of the House.

Mr. O'Brien's return to the House of Commons this week from the dreary prison-walls of Clonmel and Galway has naturally proved the signal for a great awakening of the Irish forces below the gangway. Of late these Irish benches—the scene of the most stirring events of the past decade—have been almost tenantless. Even during that unhappy hour when Mr. Balfour and Mr. Sergeant Madden do their level best to parry the skilful blows of half a hundred of the keenest wits in the House—even at question-time—they have presented endless gaps. Mr. Parnell has been elsewhere, thinking more of Special Commissions than of Parliamentary proceedings. Mr. Dillon and two of his colleagues are still far away in Australia. Mr. Edward Harrington, of Kerry *Sentinel* fame, and Mr. William O'Brien and some eight of their fellow members have been kept in that dungeon vile to which the rigours of coercion have consigned them; and Mr. Sexton, glorying in the new title of "right hon. gentleman," which attaches to his Mayoralty, has, with the occasional aid of the ever-watchful "Tim," reigned in solitary grandeur.

But Mr. O'Brien's release from his prison chains has changed the scene. Once more all is animation below the gangway. The Irish leader is there, looking better than he has looked for many a day. At his right hand sits Mr. Healy, on his left the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and all round the other lieutenants and privates of the Irish party. At the sight of the crowded benches, the House looks expectant; and the House is not to be disappointed. Mr. Healy has a prelude to the great event of the evening. His eagle eye has alighted, in an out-of-the-way paragraph in the newspapers, upon what is at least an interesting discovery. Like all loyal Ministers, Mr. Matthews—poor Mr. Matthews! he seems to be called upon to bear the sins of all his colleagues!—gave a banquet, on Queen Victoria's birthday, to her Majesty's Judges. Mr. Justice Hannen and his two colleagues on the Special Commission were, of course, there; and, strange to say, among those to meet them was none other than Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, the late Liberal member for Kerry, now of the Unionist persuasion, and, as Mr. Healy, in his cool, calculating way, expressed it, "a person implicated in the Pigott forgeries, as having supplied money to defame the character of members of this House." Here, says Mr. Healy, in a pretty pass! Three Judges are appointed to try certain forgeries; and who above all others should be invited to meet them at dinner but one of the very abettors of the forgeries? Of course, the Irish members cheered again and again as the irresistible "Tim" pressed home his point in question form, and plaintively demanded some protection for Irish members, at least, from the presence of such persons within the sacred precincts of the House. For once, however, the member for Longford had made a bad shot. The Speaker could only assure him that he had no control over gentlemen who came within the precincts of the House, and with this the subject dropped, though we may safely count upon its early re-appearance.

Into the merits of the Luggacurran dispute I need not enter. The debate was short and sharp, but it is not improbable that it will live in history, for unless I am deceived, it marks the opening of a new departure in the land agitation in Ireland. Mr. Healy had followed Mr. O'Brien with a strong plea for a really national land movement in Ireland. These attempts at piecemeal settlements are, he urged, a mistake. Let all tenants stand together throughout the length and breadth of Ireland and refuse all concessions unless and until what we consider our just demands are conceded, and some central board established by the Government to compel landlords to submit to arbitration in such cases as these, and so put an end to "this wretched system." Mr. Gladstone followed with an appeal to the Government to do as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach strove to do—namely, bring pressure to bear upon the landlords, within the limits of the law, in such cases as the Luggacurran estate. Then came Mr. Parnell with his "cheering word to the poor men with their wives and families who are going to suffer for the rest of their fellow-men. We will not," he declared, "let them suffer. In no case, whether it be under the Plan of Campaign or without any plan, where tenants have shown themselves reasonable and moderate in their demands, desirous of nothing more than to avail themselves of legislation which this House has provided for their benefit, and where that legislation has been refused to them by the action whether of the landlords or the Government, we shall help them to resist and bear up against this oppression to the utmost extent of our resources." Exactly what Mr. Parnell meant by this utterance remains to be seen. That he meant something no one who has followed the course of the Irish leader will deny.

A blind man named Estcourt has recovered £85 damages from the East London Waterworks Company as compensation for personal injuries caused by falling into a street in Bethnal-green, where the defendants had taken up the pavement.

Worms in Children.—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using Keating's Worm Tablets. Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.—[Advt.]

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY.

Two or three weeks back General Hamley, addressing one of the London Volunteer corps, referred to what he termed the ever-growing interest of the people in the people's army. There is so much, and so much that is very important, crystallised in these half-dozen words that one is almost tempted to read over again the story of the birth of the Volunteers from the people, their constant replenishment by the people, their gradual winning of official military confidence, and their final establishment as the one army upon which the country may depend in that one supreme crisis of invasion which must be regarded as a possibility, because our foremost Generals regard it as a possibility. There are a thousand texts from which sermons might be drawn; here it is sufficient to say that because the Volunteers are essentially and peculiarly the People's Army, and these columns are printed in a People's newspaper, it is proposed that in future the Force and its concerns shall have a regular place here.

A right point for commencement seems to occur just when the Volunteers have been celebrating the Queen's birthday, mostly in a very practical manner, introducing their cheers at musters formed for ordinary manœuvres. There was a time, only a few weeks back, when there was a possibility of the London Volunteers—and they number in all nearly 35,000—having a special review on the Horse Guards' Parade on the birthday; but this was thrown over in order that there may be a much bigger review in the period during which the Emperor of Germany will be here. Whenever the review may be held we may be sure that the Volunteers will do their utmost to make the parade worthy of the occasion: but it is to be hoped that the military authorities will remember that Volunteers have to work for their living, and study their convenience in time and place. It must be remembered that the review will be before the biggest military potentate in the world—one, though, who cannot show a Volunteer force—and the British People's Army should come from all parts of the land and appear at its very best, with as many battalions as possible out, and these at their strongest, with companies of the broadest. This review should be, in a way, the demonstration of Britain's moral military strength—our Volunteer system against Germany's conscription; and to make the demonstration as imposing as possible, it should be in Hyde Park, on the first Saturday in July, not to begin before four o'clock.

But this is getting rather away from the Queen's birthday celebration and its Volunteer incidents. I was well round amongst the London corps last Saturday, and saw much more than there will be room to talk about; but a few things must be noted. Prominent amongst them, and filling an old Volunteer's heart with joy, was the grand turn-out of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company—one of those mediæval survivals which have come in for a good deal of rough talking in the past, but which we all rallied round a few months since when the Company appeared to be in danger, and was certainly treated with some harshness. The Honourable Artillery Company possess, unquestionably, a mine of wealth which the ordinary Volunteer corps has not; but that is not the Company's fault, and it certainly is no business of mine. All I want to say is that on Saturday I saw a troop of cavalry whose turn-out would have done credit to a Regular Hussar corps; a field-battery whose guns were well served, and whose drivers handled well-hired teams which would not be restive could they but stand behind the 12-pounders as they are fired on half-a-dozen days; and a battalion of infantry, whose sole fault was that it had but six companies of eight-men files. Lord De Vesci is a smart as well as a smart-looking Lieutenant-Colonel. They tell me he stands six feet three on foot, and I can quite believe it. His Adjutant, Captain Labalmondiere, has the right touch of the R.A.'s, from whom he comes; and with leading officers like Major Jones, Major Baker, Major Durrant, and Captain Fry, the old company should get on. Anyhow, seeing the drill and the go at the Armoury House, it was hard to realise that this was the corps about whose insubordination, inefficiency, and proximate disbandment people were talking only five months ago.

By-the-by, seeing how well the H.A.C. drivers got their guns along—and the job is a difficult one at a show parade—one is tempted to inquire how much longer Government means to stand to the utterly absurd rule which requires that the men tending the horses in the new Volunteer position batteries shall lead their animals instead of mounting them. A lot of corps, I know, simply ignore the rule, and make the men ride like field-artillerymen; and I have often this in the case of the Woolwich Arsenal Batteries, and of the Sussex brigade on Eastbourne hills, and know that it is done elsewhere. Perhaps the War Office is afraid the men may fall off; but that is not the way to make men rise to the importance of their duties. Such grandmotherly regulation is foreign to the principle of free development, which has made the Volunteer force what it is.

We may expect a good deal of discussion about the unfortunate episodes on the Horse Guards' Parade, when the Queen's Westminster Volunteers did not keep the ground for the Fire Brigade. I have really the case seems to be a very simple one, at least so far as I can see it. Volunteers are not, and it would not be well that they should be made, police constables; but when there are also police-constables present, they come in appropriately to keep ground to the extent of marking it. This was all Colonel Howard Vincent and the Queen's proposed to do on this occasion; the error lay in their not arriving on the parade until after the crowd had got there. So far as I can learn, they tried gently to clear the space required, and, when they found they could not, went no further. So that there was no collision; and any talk about using the Volunteers as police will be quite superfluous.

EYES FRONT.

The death is announced of Laura Bridgman, the blind and deaf mute alluded to in Charles Dickens's "American Notes."

It is proposed to commemorate the self-sacrificing heroism of the late Father Damien by establishing a hospital at Molokai, where science will make every effort to eradicate the disease of leprosy among the people to whom the brave father devoted his life.

"Cleaning Silver."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using Goddard's Non-Mercurial Plate-Powder. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[Advt.]

LONDON FIREMEN HONOURED.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales afforded great pleasure to a gallant band of men last Saturday afternoon, and at the same time experienced, in company with the Prince of Wales, Prince George, and the three young Princesses of Wales, gratifying, if exuberant, proofs of her great popularity. The Prince and Princess of Wales indeed, have rarely been received with more remarkable evidences of popular enthusiasm than when they appeared on the Horse Guards' Parade in front of the London Fire Brigade, and distributed medals for long service and good conduct to several of the men.

The People

were simply overwhelmingly strong; and it was utterly impossible for the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, the smart corps commanded by the zealous Colonel C. E. Howard Vincent, M.P., even aided by a body of police, to control the good-humoured Saturday half-holiday host. The lively scene is sketched on our front page.

The Princ and Princess,

at first greatly astonished, soon realised the situation, and responded to the salutations showered upon them with evident good-humour, while sailor-like Prince George and the young Princesses frankly enjoyed the unusual scene. For those in charge of arrangements, however, the moment must have been full of embarrassment. To go through a formal inspection of the fire-engines was impossible, so these had to defile past, pushing the crowd before them, while the Royal carriages were brought to a standstill. At this time, the people behaved with wonderful self-restraint, and seemed anxious only to preserve as much order as they could while being subjected to a good deal of rough pressure as way was made for the engines. The eight entitled to receive medals were Engineer James Morris, Joseph J. Binks, Thomas Hyde Pennell, John Morris, and Frederick Cleaver; and First-Class Firemen Samuel Goodall, Benjamin Bonner, and Stephen Tapsell; but considerable pressure shortened the ceremony somewhat. Then with great difficulty the Royal carriages were driven to the Horse Guards, and from the Long Room window their Royal Highnesses watched

The Thirty Engines Defile Past

at a gallop. The way in which just room enough for this was got by the police under Superintendent Fisher deserved every credit, and fortunately, as far as could be ascertained, no accident was caused by any engine in its rapid course. Captain Shaw's men turned out in admirable order, and went through their part of the display to the satisfaction of all spectators, furnishing proofs, if they were needed, that the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, so admirably commanded by Captain Shaw and his efficient first officer, Mr. Sexton Simonds, is quite worthy public confidence.

Our Portrait Sketches

represent the brave and experienced firemen who were deservedly honoured by Royalty on the thronged Horse Guards' Parade.

Engineer Thomas Tatnell,

who is now the officer in charge at Paddington Fire Brigade Station, had ten years of service as a seaman in the Royal Navy before he joined the Brigade. He had been in it little more than a year when the opportunity for heroic service fell to his share. Summoned to a fire in the Bethnal-green Museum in the small hours of an October morning sixteen years ago, he arrived in time to see the lower part of the building a mass of flames. Through dense clouds of scorching smoke he had to push the escape to where he had seen people at a window. Ascending, he broke the window in, and found six of them so suffocated by smoke that only two could move. One after another he got them down safely, and then went up again to search the rooms for more. That was how the medals for such deeds were the gift of, but the gallantry was recognised by the City authorities, and at a public meeting in the Guildhall, Tatnell was presented with a substantial testimonial from Lord Mayor Lusk. The only one among the eight who wears a life-saving medal is

Samuel Goodall,

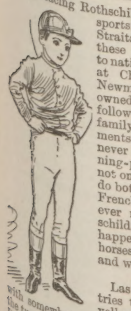
a first-class fireman, whose time for promotion to higher rank is near at hand. Like Tatnell, he was an able seaman in the Royal Navy, and he is the picture of a burly, broad-shouldered tar still. Not only does he wear the medal, but two clasps also, signifying that he has twice distinguished himself in successful efforts to save life. The first occasion was eleven years ago, when from the top storey of a burning building in Buckingham-street, Strand, he brought two people safely down in the escape. At another street, a few months later, he saved another life at the peril of his own, and in Great Wild-street, Drury-lane, he brought five people out from the midst of suffocating smoke and scorching flames.

Would you have your baby
Healthy, bright, and good?
Nurse it well and feed it
On Dr. Ridge's Food.—[Advt.]

Tobacconists Commencing.—See "Ill. Guide, post free, 11, Beech-st., London, E.C., Manager, H. Myers.—[Advt.]

THE RACING WORLD.

All the racing Rothschilds are recognised as good sportsmen on both sides of the Straits of Dover or Calais, as these may be styled according to nationality and taste. Whether at Chantilly or Longchamps, Newmarket or Epsom, horses owned by the great financiers are followed by the public. The family colours, varying arrangements of blue and yellow, are never carried first past the winning-post when the public are not on. In fact, so systematically do both our racing folk and the French persist in backing whatever may be run of the Rothschilds' that it not seldom happens that they land bets on horses the stable did not fancy and would not back.



Last week Hayhoe had several tries to score for the blue and yellow at Newmarket, and met with somewhat exasperating luck, till on Thursday the turn came with a very vengeance. The Baron's colt Morglay carried off the Payne Stakes also at the nice closing price of 10 to 1, and M. Cannon, who had piloted the filly Crinière at the highly favourable rate of 10 to 1. Sunday saw Hayhoe in still better form at Chantilly, as partner to Mlle. Blanche, daughter of Robert the Devil, credited him with the Prix de Diane, which is, translated freely, the French Oaks. Crinière's victory in the Prix de Diane suggests the coincidence that twice have the Rothschilds robbed Mr. Douglas Baird of an important race, and from El Dorado, too. Crinière at Tuesday snatched a prize from him, and Morglay defeated him for the Payne Stakes last week at Newmarket. On Sunday the filly was ridden by Charles Loates, who, probably as he was christened Charles, is invariably addressed as Ben. Ben Loates, elder brother of Sam and Tom—the last-named, without doubt the most successful of light weights—does not seem so much riding as he used to, though probably a very efficient in the saddle, and always a steady-going fellow, full of pluck, and with iron nerve. Perhaps he is having the honour of steering an Oaks'—actually a French Oaks'—winner may bring Ben, who bears a Christian name in Charles—therein reminding us of Hood's "other Ben, whose Christian name was John,"—into our owners' notice.

Employment over here would not so much matter to an English jockey whose services are regularly in requisition in France, if, that is to say, they can find such masters as Fred Webb at Newmarket. Fred has a standing bargain to ride in France each Sunday when required, at the liberal fee of £100 for the ride, which century is doubled should he win a race.

Webb was greatly blamed by El Dorado's backers when he was second to Crinière at Goodwood in the race last mentioned. Subsequent running demonstrated that the latter was, not the horseman, was in the fact was that Mr. Baird's handsome-looking, but not handsome-doing, colt is of the sort that can but will not, and left off trying. Tom Cannon had a mount on him at Sandown Park last Tuesday, but was very fond of it till after he had managed to squeeze the soft-hearted one home. Then his opinion was that he did not want any more like of the same sort.

Perhaps it was fortunate for backers that El Dorado was declared certain to win the Payne Stakes, and so had to be beaten, and have his pretensions as a Derby favourite upset. Otherwise he would have been backed for a place with Marcus Beresford lowered his red flag on Wednesday next. This defeat, which was nothing less than disgraceful, happily sent him to a long price, and he is not likely to come again.

Surely Donovan must hold safely enough all the fancies he has been beaten this season, and must win the Derby unless something goes wrong with the Duke of Portland's pet. Who has put £32,687 15s. to be placed with Messrs. Weatherby. But will Mr. Baird's second to Donovan's first—in quotations, Blue Riband of the Turf, as someone Hotspur and Doncaster St. Leger stood above all contemporaries in three-year-old races, and the Derby being booked among the three? That his so was not on Monday accounted the certainty the eagerness with which not only bookmakers, but backers asked for odds. Year by year, the favourite is knocked about in the market by who are well on into hedging. Probably Monday's move was engineered on the conventional attack has, however, raised a feeling of they know which will worry Donovan's backers until All that a prudent judge of form at the market day a week before the race is that if Donovan is not favourable starters, one by one, where can you find if the best were to run a match at Derby weight there is Epsom mile-and-a-half course? Simply, Chicago himself: but the Yorkshireman, who Donovan at Manchester, is very Strenuous efforts will be Perking's handsome half-brother to the post, but he has no chance what-But what is more, if we get dry weather for the next few days his owner and trainer will probably relinquish all idea of starting him on the Surrey Downs. With great care he may be patched up so as to win a race or two in the autumn. He will not stand racing on such iron going as we may have at Epsom.

Little credit attaches to going for such a favourite as Donovan. Any street-boy can show cause why he ought to be favourite. If he win, a chorus of "I told you so" will follow. Should he lose, the prophets' plight is still less esteemable. Under such circumstances the best course to pursue is to put the first place out of the question, and look about for something likely to claim Mr. Robinson's attention as second or third. Choice for "placers" appears to lie among Pioneer, Laureate, and Miguel. Enthusiast and El Dorado are sure to run very much better some day than they did when beaten last week by Donovan and Morglay respectively. They are, however, faint-hearted, both of them, and not to be trusted. Miguel is improving daily, and is the hope, so it is said, of John Porter, who has, at Kingsclere, under his care several other colts at one time thought dangerous. Before the Two Thousand Guineas Miguel began to come on, though in that race he agreeably surprised Mr. Porter by getting well up with the first three. Donovan's latest exploit has thrown rather more than doubt on the advisability of trusting in the public trial, but Miguel's later improvement makes his chance quite respectable if anything should happen to the favourite.

Pioneer was apparently beaten under equitable conditions at Leicester and again at Newmarket by Donovan, yet do the stable connections cling to the idea that he will be able to turn the tables on his conqueror. That he will be awkward to tackle in the autumn is a sure thing if he can stay. On that head his falling off in the final furlong of the Two Thousand is not encouraging; excuses were made that he twice hit himself. Perhaps he did, and perhaps he changed his legs. Horses frequently hit themselves when driven to overexertion, and change their legs through desire to obtain relief in continued exertion. To the unprejudiced the reading of Pioneer's second finish behind Donovan was that he cannot stay.

Respect for Mr. John Hammond's judgment compels me to pause at Laureate as a dangerous competitor. After this colt was beaten by Freemason, to whom, be it remembered, he was giving a lot of weight, Laureate's owner felt certain that something was wrong, and gave him another trial. This proved conclusively that Freemason was lucky to win, and encouraged Mr. Hammond to back Laureate freely for a place in the Newmarket Stakes. It seems incredible that the horse we saw driven hard for a long way to finish a poor third to Donovan, who won in a canter, can be fancied by able judges as likely to beat him at Epsom. Still, money speaks for itself, and that the idea is cherished the money shows.

If Donovan does not win, anything may: probably Laureate. The best investment at present offering is to back the latter for a place, at a price which will pay better than if the speculation were for the favourite to win. Much has been written and said of the Duke of Portland's wealth and luck. His Grace—"Portlyland," as "Pendragon" delights to call him—is wealthy as an ordinary titled landed proprietor, but not a rich man for a Duke of Portland. Many thousands of people, well-to-do in that state of life, &c., would like to change with the Duke. If the exchange were made, these might find that the percentage of income available after reasonable cost of living—for a Duke of Portland—was not what satisfied them in their more humble sphere of—let us call it—usefulness.

As to his luck in racing, that is colossal; but pray do not let readers who do not look into turf business closely, or with no professional eye, imagine that the amount credited to an owner as winnings is net profit. Were an industrious sporting statistician to go through the debtor and creditor account of any of our great owners who go in for classic racing and enter liberally in biennials, triennials, produce stakes, and the like, he would find a terribly long list of forfeits and lost stakes to culminate in a fine but apparent profit, not to mention all costs incidental to owning, breeding, training, transporting, and running racers.

So Charley Head is dead. The veteran bookmaker who gained a place in the front rank of layers by exercise of a never-flagging audacity, might have dropped out of notice and the world, in the more severe interpretation of the expression, long ago but for his inherent pluck. Despite attacks which might have frightened a less determined man, Mr. Head continued to live as if forty was yet to be reached, though six-sevenths of humanity's allotted span had been exhausted, and in many of his years he had seen more life than most folk do in ten years. He was a very quick mental calculator, remarkably ready in repartee, merciless in chaffing a defenceless butt, and probably the fastest coherent speaker on a public occasion we have had in the generation.

According to established rule the handicap which commands fifty per cent acceptance is a success, graduating in scale with the balance of declarations of content to withdrawals. Judging by this standard the weighting for the Manchester Cup does not reflect credit on the distributor, for the acceptance falls far below the half. At first, when such a race as this comes on for notice, several false favourites are rigged into the market, by which the best judges endeavour to read horses' changes after digesting them otherwise. Setting aside the market, which, so far, is utterly untrustworthy, Claymore, Philomel, and Millstream are the most taking of the minority whose owners have not cut a loss—as the Stock Exchange phrase goes.

For all one can say, we may be on the eve of startling revelations in high life, the stock commodity so often promised to a confiding and habitually disappointed scandal-loving public. All racing society was prepared for an eruption of a serious character when it heard that Lord Cadogan at the Jockey Club meeting had said this; that Sir George Chetwynd would not stand that; and Lord Durham might not, could not, should not, must not, &c., put up with the other. The quarrel between the Baronet Chetwynd and the Earl Durham never was a very pretty one, and it has stood a most unconscionable time. Practically the case was tried when Wood came before the court in his action against Cox. Public opinion, if not formed before that cause was heard, was quite made up after it was brought out in various stages till the Bench dismissed plaintiff's appeal for costs. At best the Durham and Chetwynd pros and cons could hardly tell us more than Wood's previous appeal to the majesty of the law, and it was more than half hoped that litigation was dropped.

Morglay's winning the Payne Stakes may mean a sore disappointment to Fred Barrett, on whom Hayhoe's stable has first claim. He will probably have to ride Mr. Leopold Rothschild's colt in the Derby, and thus be debarred from the mount on Donovan.

On paper, Fred is likely to lose by the exchange; but it does not follow as a matter of course that this exchange means loss. The rule at Epsom has been that a jockey who seeks to discriminate between horses on whose account he has been offered fees will cleave to the potential loser and discard the about-to-be-exploited winner. Daley had a mount on Hermit for the Derby through Wells's declining to ride when Blue Gown won. Perhaps Barrett may have luck ready made for him, though it does seem cruelly capricious of Fortune to rob him of so nice a ride.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CYNICAL people will probably suggest that it is quite in keeping with things Irish that, hitherto, the Irish lawn-tennis championship has never been held by an Irishman, although Ireland has produced some very fine players. But this year a new order of things has been inaugurated, and not only, for the first time, does the Challenge Cup remain in Dublin, but the lawn-tennis world has witnessed the unprecedented spectacle of the defeat of the brothers W. and G. Renshaw, on consecutive days. Last year W. Renshaw, for the second time in his life, suffered defeat in a single at the hands of W. J. Hamilton. He was then admittedly below himself; but this year his play was, if anything, better than ever, and yet Hamilton beat him again, and, on the following day, Saturday last, wrested the Holdership of the Challenge Cup from E. Renshaw, who had won it, in 1887 and 1888, by three sets to love (12—10, 6—1, 6—3). Hamilton has steadily improved in his play, and now it is, of course, quite likely that he will become All-England Champion, as well as that of Ireland. Irish players, it is always taken for granted, are favoured by wet and slow courts; but Hamilton's victory on Saturday was achieved on a hard one, so he is clearly equal to either emergency, as, of course, every champion should be.

Simultaneously the Irish Ladies' Championship was re-won for the Irish by Miss Martin, who overcame Mrs. Hillyard, the holder, by sterling fine play by two sets to love (7—5, 6—0). Next year another fine player in Miss Rice will have to be reckoned with, as well as Miss Martin. The Doubles Championship went to England, the winners being E. W. Lewis and G. W. Hillyard, who had beaten the Renshaws in a preliminary round. This defeat of the brothers all along the line is highly indicative of the improved standard of play, for it is admitted that both were playing their best.

Although lawn-tennis is sprung from the ancient game of tennis, yet the two are widely different, from the initial process of striking the ball, upwards. The historical court at Hampton Court Palace, the very existence of which is unsuspected to the vast majority of visitors to the charming up-river resort, was on Saturday the scene of a match between our two finest players—viz., the Hon. A. Lyttelton, our first amateur; and C. Saunders, our most prominent professional. The self-same *dedans* and galleries that were once gay with Tudor lords and ladies were filled with flannel-clad connoisseurs of the game, which, it is quite safe to say, was of a very much more vigorous and exacting nature than that indulged in when Wolsey was King, or very nearly so. Recently Saunders has successfully given Mr. Lyttelton fifteen for a bisque; but on this occasion the honourable gentleman won comfortably by three sets to one (6—4, 6—2, 5—7, 6—3). H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who appreciates the value of strong exercise, plays tennis, the court at the revived Prince's Club, where the Prince has special private dressing-rooms, being patronised by him. In playing tennis, he is only following the footsteps of his father, whose brass plate is still to be seen on a locker at Hampton Court. In the earlier days of the game, both in England and on the Continent, tennis was quite the game of Royalty; but there is a strong suspicion abroad that the play partook much of the gentle nature of what is now called Badminton.

The collapse, on Thursday and Friday week, of the Oxford and Cambridge Elevens, left but little important cricket to be decided on Saturday, two county matches comprising the programme. Both were interesting, Warwickshire v. Gloucestershire because the county of the Graces was beaten by 68 runs, and Lancashire v. Sussex because of the capital show made by the Southern county. W. G. Grace was poorly during the week, and so was not at his best, and his bowling analysis is scarcely suitable for framing. But for the good stand made by A. Ward and F. Sugg, Sussex might have achieved a much-coveted victory over the county Palatine, which would have given them a good send-off for the season; but the seventy made by the two batsmen named enabled Lancashire to win by five wickets.

The rainfall of Sunday and the tremendous downpour of Monday almost amounted to a national calamity. For the match North v. South, which was to have commenced at Lord's on Monday, two splendidly representative elevens had been chosen, and, had the weather been favourable, a phenomenal crowd would have passed through the various entrances to the St. John's Wood ground. The existing state of affairs is the more to be regretted because the match was intended by the Marylebone Cricket Club to provide a bumper benefit for their ancient ground-man, West, whose unlucky number in the benefit lottery entitles him to much commiseration. Fine weather or rain simply means, in a case like this, some hundreds of pounds or nothing. There is, unfortunately, no happy medium. Perhaps it may prove lucky for West that the M.C.C. has a long purse. The bad luck attending benefits at Lord's is, however, proverbial; no one, of late years, having made much out of the mere gate receipts.

A match which took place at Edinburgh on Saturday last, between the Grange and Dalkeith clubs, was interesting from the fact that the occasion was the first upon which advantage has been taken of the new law empowering a side to declare its innings at an end whenever it so pleases. The Grange club command the services of some good batsmen, including the Balfours (L. M. and E. S.), A. G. G. Asher, T. R. Marshall, H. M. Horsburgh, and others, and so well did these gentlemen bat that 361 was totalled for seven wickets. This being considered more than their opponents would reach, Dalkeith were put in, with the result that 119 was all that was made for nine wickets. But time was then near at hand, and, amid great excitement, the last over was bowled without a wicket falling, and so the match ended in a draw.

The yachting of the past week in the Thames has been rendered more than usually interesting because of the first appearance of Valkyrie, the yacht specially built by Lord Dunraven for competing for the America Cup against the selected vessel of American yachtsmen. On the Wednesday, in the New Thames Yacht Club race, from and back to Gravesend, she led the fleet, amongst her opponents being Irex, Deerhound, and Yarana; did the same on the following day, in a similar race of the Royal London Y.C., against Irex and Yarana; which vessels were yet again defeated by Valkyrie over the selfsame course on Friday. Then, on Saturday, came the race to Harwich, which Valkyrie won, Irex, Yarana, Deerhound, and Amphitrite being the defeated boats. But even this successful début does not please some good judges, who say that Valkyrie did not win with enough to spare to give her a proper chance against the Volunteer, or whatever vessel is eventually put forward by the New York Yacht Club. She wants more sail, a centre-board, say some. Yarana must have beaten her on Friday had she been properly piloted, says another; but others are full of satisfaction and praise, and compare the début of Valkyrie with that of the Thistle to the advantage of the new yacht. One thing everyone agrees upon, and that is that Valkyrie shows her best paces when there is a wind; but in America, in September, when the race of races will be sailed, light winds are the order of the day. The Valkyrie, on Monday last, gained a fresh victory at the Royal Harwich Regatta, beating the Irex of Mr. J. Jameson and Mr. P. A. Ralli's Yarana cutter.

The racing on Saturday in the Oxford University Summer Eights was tremendously exciting, especially between the two head boats of the first division, Brasenose and New. New made a tremendous effort to reach B.N.C., and gained steadily all the way, the head boat just managing to keep away to the end, but by a very few feet only. A very similar race took place between Magdalen and Christchurch, third and fourth boats respectively, Magdalen, like Brasenose, contriving to keep their position.

On the fourth day, Monday, New made another supreme effort to reach B.N.C., this time getting within two yards, whilst Christchurch again pressed Magdalen badly, a quarter of a length only separating the two boats at the finish.

On Monday twenty four cyclists from America arrived at Queenstown, to commence in Ireland a tour which will embrace England and a large part of the Continent, and last through June and July. People may ask "Is America not large enough?" but we must remember that a tour in Europe is part and parcel of the education of American ladies and gentlemen; and these two dozen young men not unwisely elect to combine exercise with the trip. Continental roads, where the country is moderately level, are now sufficiently good to make cycling enjoyable. The trip will be made on safeties; but it is not stated whether the great meeting at Berlin, held on June 16 and 17, will see any of the party as competitors. This meeting includes the Bicycle and Tricycle Championship of Europe—a title which contains more sound than meaning. A cycling championship of Europe without an English finger in the pie of management is hardly likely to be recognised.

The meetings of two bodies connected with the management of that most useful of sports, swimming, were held on Monday evening. The Championship sub-committee went into details, one of which was the bath for the 220 yards, that at Islington being chosen, the desire of the A. S. A. being to distribute its favours as widely as possible. At another place a Water Polo League for London was formed. Water Polo is a game that has come into favour very rapidly of late, and is of great use in inculcating endurance in swimming. Eleven clubs have already joined the league.

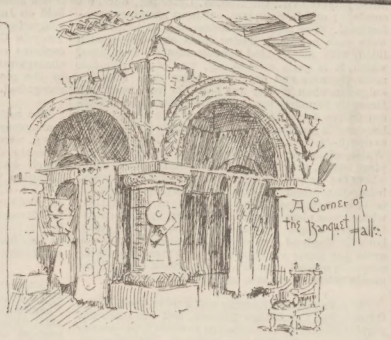
Considerable interest was excited at Putney by the appearance there on Saturday, as guest of the Thames Rowing Club, of Mr. Psotta, an American amateur sculler, who has crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of competing for the Diamond Sculls at Henley, and perhaps in other sculling events. We have before now had visits from American scullers, some of whom have been curiosities in the way of amateurs; but there is nothing the matter with Mr. Psotta—"he's all right," as they say in his native land. He represents the New York Athletic Club, and is also a member of the Schuyskill Navy, both of them excellent qualifications, and, besides, the sculler comes over "on his own bottom," and not franked by some notoriety-seeking man of money. He is also a good sculler; and his physique promises work for our own representatives, which, one may take it, are still Messrs. Nickalls and Gardner, one, if not both. With the caution characteristic of his nation, our visitor's first care was to take a look at the Henley course in his sculling-boat, but he will probably train in the tideway.

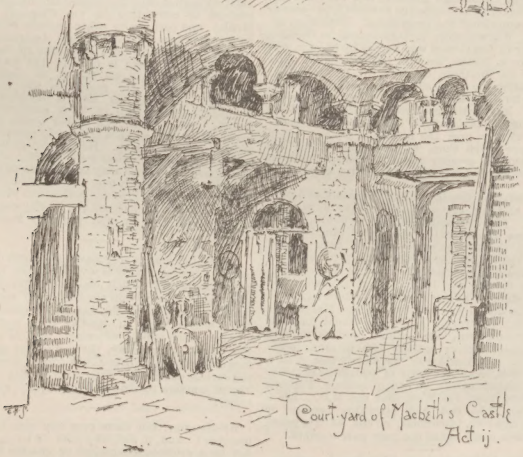
Football in May is very much game out of season, but the cause of charity is a valid excuse. On Saturday those noted Scotch clubs, Queen's Park and Renton, tried to play off the final tie of the Glasgow charity cup, but, to the benefit of charity, could make only a draw of it—two goals each. Thus another match will be necessary; and, as some £500 was taken on Saturday, the committee are looking forward to totalling over £2000 for division amongst the various charities. With such results one could almost sanction football in July, or, say, all the year round.

By-the-way, are there ever any charity cricket-matches? And, if not, why not? Why should there not be a cricketers' hospital or charity Saturday? What more fitting for our National Game?

BANSHEE.

CELANDINE is the only certain Cure for Corns. Never fails to remove by the roots. No cutting. Positively cures in a week. Thousands of testimonials free. 1s. Bottle by post for 14 stamps, from CHAVE and JACKSON, Chemists, Hereford. Sold everywhere. Refuse imitations.—[ADVT.]



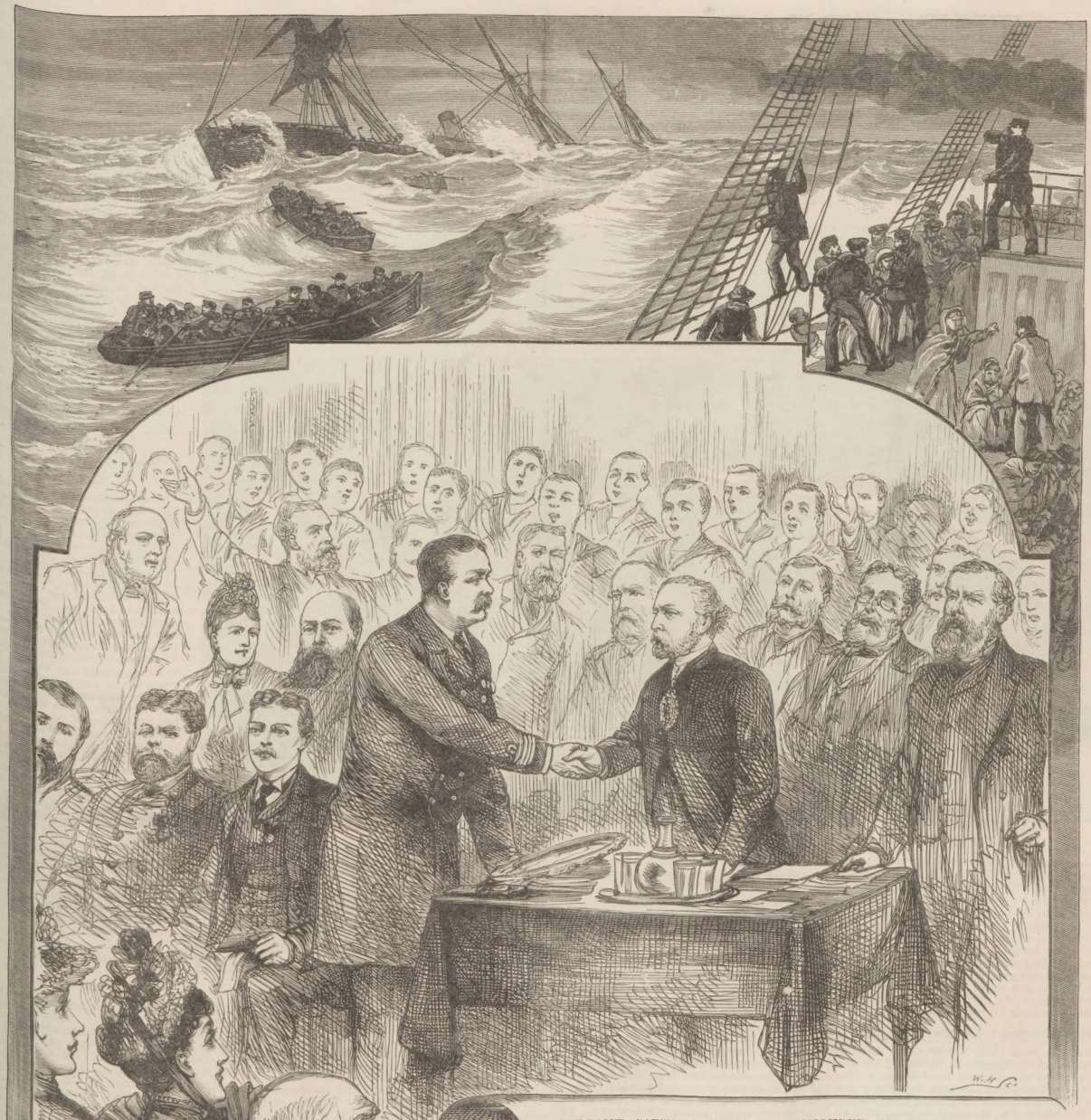


THE rare combination of artistic excellences which has made the Lyceum performances supremely attractive under the direction of Mr. Henry Irving may be studied to advantage in the magnificent revival of "Macbeth" by our foremost Actor-Manager. Take it all in all, the Lyceum performance of "Macbeth" is the most masterly of our generation. There could not be cited a stronger proof of this than the fact that, meltingly hot though the weather was on the evening of the 120th representation of "Macbeth," on Friday, the 24th of May, yet the weirdly powerful tragedy of Shakspeare was followed by a large audience with the closest attention and deepest interest.

There was, in the first place, the subtle and clever psychological development of the murder idea by the Macbeth and Lady Macbeth to gauge and to admire. We literally see the fell idea grow in the mind of Mr. Irving's Macbeth, fostered by ambition and by the gibberish of the witches, and fanned into a red-hot flame at last by the seductive cajolery of his lithe, fair, red-haired wife, surely the most persuasive and most gentlewomanly and most human Lady Macbeth that ever trod the stage, as embodied with infinite skill by Ellen Terry of the sweet, clear voice. Equally powerful in its effect on the imagination is the vivid realisation by Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry of the conscience-stricken lives led by the wretched couple after the murders of Duncan and Banquo — the terror of the ghost-haunted Macbeth in the remarkably picturesque banqueting-hall, vieing in force with the abiding sadness of Lady Macbeth's remorseful sleep-walking scene. Both in conception and in execution the Macbeth of Mr. Irving and Lady Macbeth of Miss Terry belong to the highest realm of art. Of the well-trained Lyceum company generally it may be said that one and all are worthy their great chief. Particularly commendable is the Macduff of Mr. Alexander—stout of heart where necessary, full of tender grief when his sorrows overwhelm him for a moment.

The scenic perfection of Mr. Irving's Lyceum productions is also notable in "Macbeth," which is likewise a masterpiece of stage-management. Mr. Hawes Craven, chief of British scene-painters, has done some of his very best work for "Macbeth." And Sir Arthur Sullivan's overture, prelude, and incidental music, if not quite of the nature of the rugged compositions Wagner might have evolved for such a tragedy, are full of melody, and add to the charm of the surpassingly grand Lyceum revival of "Macbeth."

MR. IRVING AND MISS ELLEN TERRY IN "MACBETH" AT THE LYCEUM.



GALLANT CAPTAIN MURRELL, HONOURED BY THE LORD MAYOR.

CAPTAIN MURRELL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

A TALL, broad-chested man, with a fair moustache, blue eyes, and a round, good-natured face ever ready to break into a sunny smile, Captain Hamilton Murrell bore his blushing honours so modestly at the Mansion House, on the Twenty-fourth of May, that all who were privileged to be present on the occasion must have felt their admiration for this gallant and humane commander of the Steam-ship Missouri. The Lord Mayor (who will on the current First of June have the pleasing task of welcoming Prince George of Wales as a citizen of London) cannot have had a more gratifying duty to perform than that of presiding, in a commendably cordial and hearty manner, at this interesting presentation to Captain Murrell and his brother officers, who evidently held their beaming and stalwart chief in affectionate regard. As they sat in a row on the platform to the right of Lord Mayor Whitehead, the heroic Captain and officers of the Missouri looked worthy one another.

A thrice-told story, familiar to every reader of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, is the moving narrative of how Captain Murrell, of the good ship Missouri, nobly stood by the sinking Scandinavian emigrant-ship Danmark, in the stormy Atlantic Ocean, and, with infinite patience and care and tenderness, rescued the whole of the 735 anxious passengers and crew. True as steel to the cause of Humanity, Captain Murrell did not hesitate to sacrifice his cargo, but threw it overboard to make room for his precious human freight.

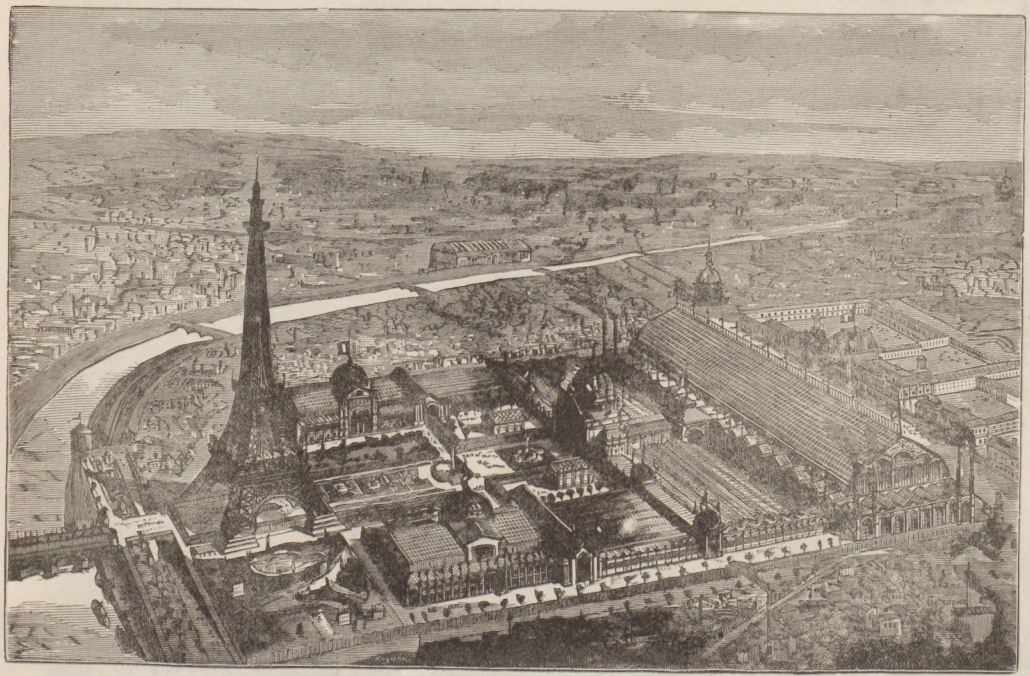
The City of London, vieing with the King of Denmark and the United States, has honoured itself by honouring Captain Murrell, personification of a gentle, big-hearted seaman, and also his steadfast mates. Our Artist depicts the praiseworthy rescue, and the scene of enthusiasm in the Mansion House. Every reference to the conduct of the rescuing crew was received with rounds of cheering, those present on several occasions rising to their feet and waving their hats and handkerchiefs. Mr. W. Conelly, hon. secretary of the public testimonial fund, in a warmly sympathetic speech, announced that £1050 had been either subscribed or promised. Sir Henry Peek, Sir R. Fowler, M.P., M. De Falbe (the courtly Danish Minister), General New (the blunt and bearded Consul-General of the United States), and Mr. T. Sutherland, M.P., paid tribute to the brave band from the Missouri. Then the Lord Mayor presented Captain Murrell with a handsome silver salver and a purse of gold. His Lordship said each member of the crew would receive a cheque for an amount equal to two months' salary, and that each officer and the steward would receive a gold watch besides. He proceeded to distribute several of these awards. Various other presentations were made, including a silver medal given to Captain Murrell by Lloyd's, and 2500 dols. collected in Philadelphia and Baltimore, together with gold and silver medals for the officers and crew. A letter was read from the Board of Trade, expressing the admiration of the department for the conduct of the crew of the Missouri, and another from Prince Bismarck expressing his sense of "the able and skilful manner" in which the rescue had been effected; and reference was made to the kind letter from the Princess of Wales. Nothing could have been happier than Captain Murrell's modest reply. A native Colchester is proud of, Captain Murrell had the next day to endure the festivities organised by his birthplace in his honour.

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.

PARIS CELEBRATING THE REVOLUTION.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION,

which was prematurely opened three weeks ago, is now fit for inspection. Considering its vast extent, it is not surprising that it was not ready on the opening day. It is by far the greatest Exhibition ever held. It surpasses all previous Exhibitions just as the Revolution which it celebrates eclipsed all other social and political upheavals in the world's history. Millions will come to see it. The influx of foreigners to Paris this year will be unprecedented. During the first fortnight that the Exhibition was open over a million passed through the gates, notwithstanding the advice given to everyone to keep away. The total number of visitors at the Universal Exhibition of 1878 was 13,000,000. The number this year will be over 30,000,000. As everyone who can spare the time and afford the means will come to Paris in the course of the season, some hints to strangers may be useful.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Paris Prepared for the Foreigner.

Paris has been anxiously awaiting the inauguration of the Exhibition. Business fluctuates in Paris just according as the foreigners come and go, and business has been bad for a few years. There has been more going than coming. The Exhibition was, therefore, welcomed on all hands, and great preparations were made for it. New streets were opened, new hotels built, the streets were repaired, the houses washed down, and a general overhauling and cleaning gone through. Paris wanted to put on an attractive face, and to receive the foreigner handsomely. She has succeeded in doing the one, and is now ready to accommodate a reasonable number of visitors. The city never looked brighter or gayer. When the Exhibition was opened, the hotel-keepers unanimously agreed to raise their prices. The prices in the restaurants also went up, and many little devices were arranged to enable rich visitors to get rid of their superfluous cash. Paris is very accommodating in this respect, but there are many who wish to visit the Exhibition not solely for the purpose of spending, but to see and to learn. People of moderate means are, therefore, in a position to receive some advice, especially if they have never crossed the Channel before.

Some Hints to Visitors.

Anyone who is only coming to Paris for a few days should take as little luggage as possible. Luggage is inconvenient if you are arriving in a foreign city for the first time. Officious porters always want to relieve you of it and also to relieve you of a few pence in the bargain. It would be more convenient to arrive at Paris in the morning than at night. Lodgings will not be easy to find, and you had better have some time to look around for them. Ordinarily it is not difficult to indicate cheap and comfortable lodging-houses or hotels in Paris, but at this time to give a list of places would defeat the object in view, as they would be overstocked in a week. A good plan is to throw the responsibility of finding accommodation on some respectable tourist agency like Gaze's or Cook's. They take tourists of all classes this year, and provide them with board and lodging for 8s. 6d. a day and upwards. Parties of working men are taken at 6s. 6d. a day. Anyone who contemplates taking advantage of the facilities which tourist agencies give to visitors should book three weeks or a month in advance. Cheap lodgings can always be had in Paris in some of the numerous *maisons meublées* (furnished lodging-houses), or *Hôtels garnis* (furnished hotels). During the Exhibition you can get good rooms for four and five francs a day. These little hotels are all over Paris. There are many in the neighbourhood of the St. Lazare Station, which passengers arrive at who go by Dieppe, or the Nord Station, which is the terminus for passengers who take the Calais or Boulogne route. They are also found in large numbers in the small streets off the main boulevards and in the neighbourhood of the Madeleine. The Latin Quarter, which includes the corner marked off by the Rue du Bac and Boulevard St. Germain, is full of them. In the search for lodgings the only quarters for strangers to avoid are Batignolles, Montmartre, Grenelle, near the military school, and round about Notre Dame des Victoires. You will see these places on any map. Restaurants abound in Paris suited to all classes, and the bill-of-fare in the cheaper places is generally stuck in the window.

The New Landmark of Paris.

There is no danger of the stranger losing himself in Paris. There were many guiding points before; but the Bastille Column, Notre Dame, the Panthéon, and the Arc de Triomphe shrink into insignificance before the new landmark of Paris—the Eiffel Tower. The Eiffel Tower is almost double the height of any other construction in the world. It is a huge metallic pile—but as graceful as it is colossal—rising to a height of nearly 1000 ft., and weighing about 8000 tons. It is the great feature of the Exhibition. It stands on the threshold of the entrance to the Exhibition grounds, and dominates all Paris and the neighbourhood. The top of the tower is frequently enshrouded in a cloud while it is quite clear in Paris. The rays of electric light flashed from its campanile every night would light the streets of Paris, and enable you to read a newspaper seven miles away. But the tower, with its restaurants, houses, shops, printing-office, observatory, and lifts, deserves an article to itself.

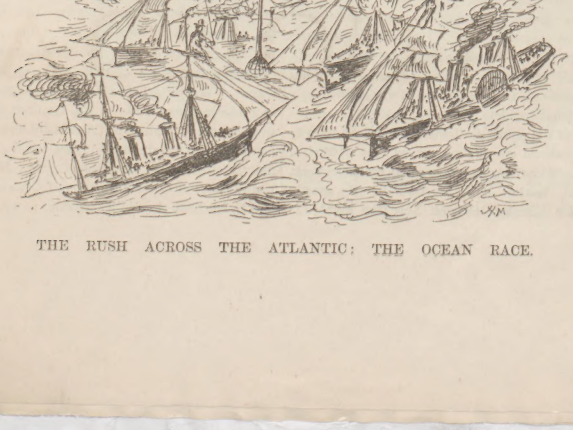
The Extent of the Exhibition.

The area occupied by the Exhibition is about 900,000 square yards, of which 400,000 square yards are covered. The main buildings are in the Champ de Mars. Of these the great machinery hall is the most remarkable. It is by far the largest gallery of iron ever constructed. It is 1452 ft. long, 380 ft. wide, and has a superficial iron surface of 150,000 square yards. A series of small galleries run parallel with this hall, forming together a covered area a quarter of a mile square. Two great palaces of iron extend on each side, and in a garden between them and the Seine rise a miscellaneous collection of pavilions belonging to many nations—a cosmopolitan city in itself, having the cosmopolitan wonder, the Eiffel Tower, for its centre. Across the river, on the north side, another great palace—the Trocadéro, which was erected for the Exhibition of 1878, with a great garden studded with smaller erections—adds another wing to the great show. Along by the Seine two parallel galleries stretch for about a mile, and on the Esplanade des Invalides there is another large section—large enough to form an exhibition in itself.

What the Exhibition Cost.

The French people are unequalled at getting up exhibitions. When the idea of holding a great Universal Exhibition to commemorate the Revolution was first mooted, a commission of forty distinguished men—engineers, architects, &c.—was appointed to carry the plan into execution. The Government voted £680,000 towards the project, the town of Paris found £320,000, and a Guarantee Society lent £720,000. The original capital was, therefore, £1,720,000. The total cost of the buildings and the gardens, &c., was close on £1,200,000. The Machinery Hall cost £300,000; the Fine-Arts Palace and the Liberal Arts Palace each £270,000; the Palace of Various Industries, £230,000; and the parks and gardens, £100,000. The Eiffel Tower, which was a separate undertaking, cost £160,000. These figures will give some idea of the extent of the engineering marvels on the Champ de Mars. More anon from—

A PARIS BRITISHER.



THE RUSH ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: THE OCEAN RACE.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—What commands the spontaneous homage of Mankind? Stirling Honesty of Purpose! Without it Life is a Sham! "A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—Adams. Caution.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by worthless imitations. Sold by all Chemists. Prepared only at ENO'S "Fruit Salt" Works, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S patent.—[ADVT.]

CAST AWAY ON AN ISLAND.

THE steam-ship Para has landed at Plymouth Captain Stewart and survivors of the barque Gettysburg, of Aberdeen, which was wrecked off Morant Cayes, near Jamaica. On the night of March 30, in thick, rainy weather, the barque struck on a coral reef with great force, and falling over on her larboard side at once commenced to break up. Two apprentices were drowned in the cabin, and a heavy sea carried away the stern, with the mate, the carpenter, and a sailor. Eight men, including the captain, clung to a boat, which was, however, washed away, two of the sailors sinking with it. The remainder succeeded in reaching the wreck, which they afterwards had to abandon.

Two sailors, named Carter and Crawford, made a temporary raft, and on this the survivors reached the Cayes. They remained on this desolate island for twenty-one days, having nothing to eat during that time but cocoa-nuts and shell-fish. Being perfectly naked, they suffered terribly from the scorching sun. Two sailors named Jones and Allan constructed another raft from the wreckage of the vessel, and, after battling with the waves for forty-eight hours, were washed ashore in a thoroughly exhausted state five miles from Port Royal. When they had somewhat recovered strength they walked thither and communicated with the authorities, who dispatched her Majesty's ship Forward to the relief of the remainder of the crew. These were finally taken off the Cayes after they had been there twenty-five days.

Havre's Offer.—English travellers wishing to see the Paris Exhibition, without giving up a sojourn at the seaside, will be able to do so by taking lodgings near Havre. From there they can take advantage of the cheap excursion trains on the Western Line, which leave at 5.30 a.m., and arrive at the Champ de Mars at 10.27. The trains return at 9 p.m. The twenty hours' pleasure-trip will cost 8s. for second-class passengers, and 13f. for the first-class. These trains will stop at Rouen.

RIVAL "LIONS" OF PARIS.

LEGAL COLUMN.

["LEX" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."]

I. LAW AND LAYMEN.

Let not the reader be misled by the word "lay" in the above title. We are not going to indulge in tirades on the incompetence of the parson on the platform, or on the parsonic proclivities of the pedagogue, or on the pedagogic pleasantries of the parson. "Lay-clients" are those who are not lawyers—all who are not of the legal profession, and who, as such, are not, but all who are not lawyers—all in many cases, are often referred to as the "lay-clients." Therefore lawyers as the "lay-clients." Therefore, after all, our title is not so defence-less as Mr. Ruskin's. Who does not remember the indignant Scotch farmer that bought "Notes on Sheepfolds," by that eminent writer, only to find it a treatise on the Pastoral Office? We speak here, as our title indicates, of law—of English law. We desire in this preliminary article to inquire. We would clear the way by asking how far a layman could and should know the law for himself?

Some will be inclined to a short and easy method of dealing with this question. They will say that the law can hardly be known even by lawyers, and that laymen had best remain happy in their ignorance, and should fly to authority, not only in utter legal darkness, but in the twilight. To vary a remark of Goldsmith the tailor say, "As I take my shoes from my shoemaker, and my coat from my tailor, so I take my law from the lawyers." This sounds very well and in the Temple, where lawyers have "bowers," it might be the final word.

The law is, indeed, a vast subject, although a man, by a cruel fiction, is supposed to know it, is to be found in its entirety not in any one, not in any systematic digest or treatise, but scattered through a whole library of Acts and decided cases. A good lawyer's library—we mean a lawyer's good library — costs some hundreds of pounds, and is always growing. No one can be said to have had all the books, and were to attempt to study them, he would find that, like Tennyson's Elspis, he had laid so many books on his head that his brains could not move. Hence lawyers—who do not desire to be declared lunatic—are careful only to read a part of their books. Perhaps they specialise. The black-smith specialises and becomes strong in the right arm only; and the runner, becomes strong only in his legs. So the lawyer, generally the barrister, specialises, and becomes well-versed in mercantile law or ecclesiastical or criminal law or, as they sometimes generalise"—that is, they acquire an immense knowledge of several branches of the law, and a very minute acquaintance with none. Indeed, so immense is the subject that all lawyers, judges, barristers, and solicitors alike would admit that, whether they specialise or not, they do not—in proportion to what could be known if human faculties of acquisition were greater—carry much law in their heads. George III. was a dull man, but he is credited with one very shrewd saying—namely, "that the difference between lawyers and other men was not that lawyers knew the law, but that they knew where to find it." An irritated client, who cannot get a decided opinion on a difficult point from his solicitor, may be tempted to doubt this saying of King George.

We propose in the papers which follow this to deal, of course in outline only, with those aspects of the law in which every man and woman is interested, and with questions which they have daily to decide for themselves. Such matters as come home to men's "businesses and bosoms" as Bacon says—the law which, without thinking about it, men have with them in the field, or the factory, or at the fireside—the law of employers and workmen, husband and wife, parent and child, landlord and tenant, master and servant, buyer and seller, these, and such as these, are our intended topics. We are far from suggesting that every man should be his own lawyer in every case, and we do not propose to deal with special or intricate points. When these arise, let the prudent layman go to his solicitor, tell the truth, and produce all his documents. We shall here deal with the general rules of law on these matters of daily life. Whether common law is, as lawyers, at least, used to say, the perfection of reason, may be doubted by the sceptical layman; but it is quite certain that common knowledge must include some law, and it is well to make popular ideas on law as clear and as accurate as possible. Next week we begin, then, with an article on "The Law of the Market." If any questions arise on our legal topics which are fit to be answered through the medium of a newspaper, we shall try to answer them, so far as the space allotted to our Legal Column will permit.

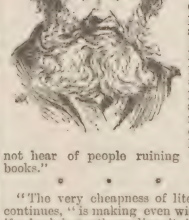
LEX.

THE BOOK-LOVER'S GOSSIP.

SYDNEY SMITH'S remark that, after all, books make the best furniture is becoming more generally accepted every day. This is the era of cheap books, and there is a growing disposition to *buy* what one reads. Mark Pattison, indeed, said that no man who respected himself could have less than a thousand volumes on his shelves. But I want to try to be some assistance to those who only aspire to a hundred or so. I propose in these unconventional notes to chatter as far as possible about the best books, not necessarily about the most costly or those most talked about for the moment, but about those which a consensus of the truest critical opinion has pronounced entirely great.

* * * * *

Let me give here, although the words have been quoted a thousand times, Mr. Ruskin's little sermon on book-buying. "What," he says, in "Sesame and Lilies," "do we as a nation care about books? How much do you think we spend on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses? If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad—a bibliomaniac. But you never call anyone a horsemaniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books."



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"The very cheapness of literature," Mr. Ruskin continues, "is making even wise people forget that if a book is worth reading it is worth buying. No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor is it serviceable until it has been read, and re-read, and loved, and loved again; and marked so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armoury or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good; but there is bread sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book; and the family must be poor indeed which, once in their lives, cannot, for such multiplicable barley-loaves, pay their baker's bill. We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries."

* * * * *

But why, I am often asked, are Mr. Ruskin's own books so expensive? He has given an answer in "Fors Clavigera," in reply to a poorly-paid Glasgow clerk who expressed admiration for his writings. "If a child in a muddy ditch," he says, "asked me for a picture-book, I should not give it him; but say, 'Come out of that first; or, if you cannot, I must go and get help; but picture-books there you shall have none!'" But Mr. Ruskin really does himself an injustice. His works are not merely "picture-books" for the benefit and pleasure of rich folk, they are often full of helpful inspiration for the unfortunates in the ditch.

* * * * *

Here, to begin with, is a delightful little edition of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" (published by Walter Scott at one shilling)—one of the best printed books I have come across for a long time. What an unspeakable pleasure to read once again about the good Vicar and his children, about Miss Skeggs and Lady Blarney, and all the curious crowd which fill the genial optimist's pages. No wonder the "Vicar" profoundly influenced Goethe and Walter Scott and Thackeray. There are few Englishmen who will ever grow weary of its perusal.

* * * * *

I am reminded how cautiously we should treat of contemporary literary talent by recalling that Johnson's friend and biographer, the unclubbable Hawkins, described Goldsmith as "a mere literary drudge, equal to the task of compiling and translating; but little capable of original, and still less of poetical, composition." Poor old Sir John Hawkins, what a bore they must have found him at the Literary Club!

* * * * *

I am glad to welcome a new edition of Arminius Vambéry's "Life and Adventures" (T. Fisher Unwin, 5s.). It contains an introductory chapter dedicated to the boys of England. The book is an ideal present for a boy, stimulative to study as well as to physical activity. All of us have heard something of the remarkable Hungarian who commenced the battle of life at twelve as apprentice to a ladies' dress-maker, but who became one of the most famous of modern travellers. The story of his wanderings about in the interior of Asia in the disguise of a holy beggar, without a penny in his pocket, is here told with something of the piquancy and, one imagines, nothing of the unveracity of Benvenuto Cellini's "Memoirs."

* * * * *

Lord Tennyson has gone for a cruise in Lord Brassey's yacht, the Sunbeam. Perhaps we shall have another popular "Voyage of the Sunbeam"—this time in verse.

TATLER.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

I PROPOSE, my dear Ladies, to treat from week to week in this, my very own column of the new series of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, of a variety of subjects of special interest to women.

Women have so many things to do in the world, and it is of such importance that *all* things done by them, no matter how apparently insignificant, should be well done, that no help in the doing of them is to be despised. Some women, as you all know, have a taste for one thing, some for another; but, no matter what the natural bent of the mind, there are certain things which *all* women should know how to do well. They should know how to "keep house" as it is called; how to manage children and servants, and how to dress; not merely how to spend money on clothes, *that* is quite a different thing; but how to dress with taste, fitness to position in the world, and, if necessary, with economy. These arts do not come by nature, as some women imagine. In nine cases out of ten they have to be learned; and it is my intention, not to air fads and fancies of my own, but to give common-sense, practical hints on dress, housekeeping, with now and then a receipt for a nice dish, taken from a trustworthy source. I may also touch on fancy work; new and useful inventions, which have to do with the home or woman's work—gardening, care of pets, &c.—and I may, perhaps, wind up, if I have room, with a chat on what is going on in the fashionable world.

And now let us begin with a little talk about

Dress.

We often hear it said, "So-and-So thinks too much about dress; she spends far too much time upon her clothes." Now, in my humble opinion, the majority of women spend too little time upon their clothes, and if they would spend just a little more occasionally, they would not really spend nearly as much in the course of the year. I wonder how many women, when the time came for putting off their winter garments, went on a shopping expedition to the "Grove," or elsewhere, and came home dissatisfied with their purchases? Just for want of a little thought, that girl with the muddy, dark complexion fell a victim to a material of dull, quaker-like grey in colour for her summer gown. She will not know what is the matter when she puts it on for the first time, but she will be painfully conscious of looking much worse than usual, especially if she wears with it the large hat of black lace she was told was "the height of fashion," trimmed with cornflowers and bright green grass! Equally to be pitied is her moon-faced, ruddy-complexioned sister with the large head and abundant reddish hair. She has invested in one of the new "bow" bonnets in a peculiar shade of electric blue velvet, and, to wear with it, she chose a washing fabric of some kind in wide stripes of pink, cream, and slate-blue, not by any means the shade of her bonnet. Plenty of time was wasted over the buying of these garments, but not any thought; and, the result is, two ill-dressed girls.

Parasols and *en-tout-cas* are not worn this season with the absurdly long handles that were so ridiculed last year. I like a moderately long handle myself; I think it looks more elegant than a short stumpy one. Ladies who have not a great deal of money to spend would do well to provide themselves with the parasols of black moiré, or watered silk, which look equally well with dark or light gowns. They are made with black handles, and they are not only very pretty, but in excellent taste. I suppose a great many of you, my dear ladies, will be starting by-and-by to see the Paris Exhibition. You will have a great deal of walking to do, and I strongly recommend you not to wear either very narrow-toed or very high-heeled boots. You will, I know, see hundreds of dainty-looking French women tripping about on their high heels; but, if you really want to enjoy your sight-seeing, sacrifice what you think looks pretty, and you will be surprised to find the amount of walking you can get through, without fatigue, if only you are comfortably shod.

I hope all my readers are interested in

Housekeeping,

and I hope they take great delight in giving their husband's tasty dishes. It was Dickens, I think, who said: "There stole upon him from the kitchen a gentle sound of frying, with a musical clatter of plates and dishes, and a savoury smell that made even the boisterous wind a perfume." I am not going to give you any receipts this week, for the best of reasons—I have not room. Perhaps some of you think it does not matter much what the poor "bread-winners" have to eat when they come home tired after a long day's work. It never occurred to you that the piece of rump-steak you ordered haphazard, when the butcher's boy called for "orders," might possibly turn out to be a piece of tough soup-meat cut in a slice. You might just as well give your poor man an old shoe! Next time, just think a little, and try how a steak cut from the sirloin—"porterhouse steak," I believe, is the right name for it—will turn out. You may pay a penny, or even twopence, a pound more for it than you do for the leathery leg, but you will gain infinitely more than you spend, in the contemplation of your husband's angelic mood when he has dined. Take for your motto—

The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat.

I believe there would not be half as many unhappy marriages if women would but realise the fact that not the least important part of their world lies at the bottom of the area steps.

MARGUERITE.

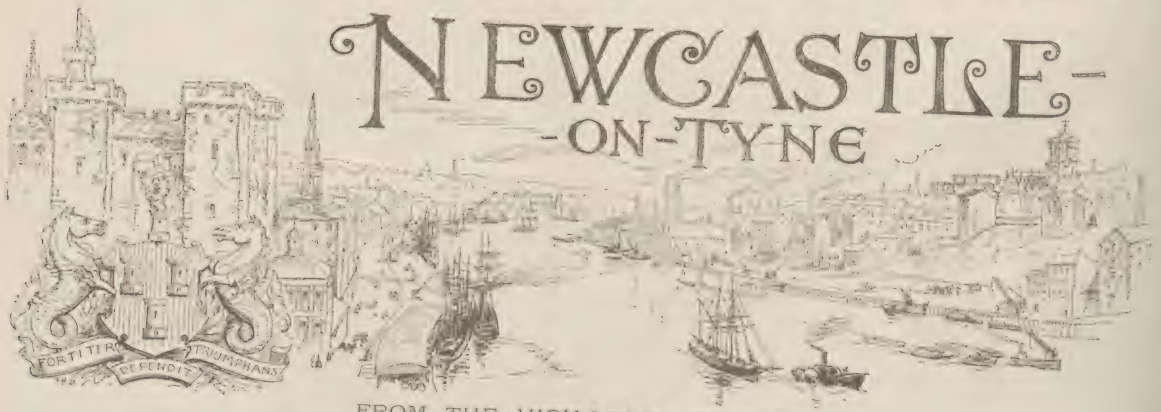
By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that

EPPS'S (GRATEFUL, COMFORTING) COCOA

a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

CITIES AND TOWNS OF ENGLAND.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE



FROM THE HIGH-LEVEL BRIDGE.

"LIKE CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE"

has become a world-wide simile of the outrageously paradoxical. Newcastle is pre-eminently the City of Coal. The Tyne is the largest coal port of the kingdom. Yet some people don't know where Newcastle is. It is painful to disillusion anybody; but H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and other distinguished people who have been there might readily testify that Newcastle is some thirty miles south of the Border.

The Capital of Northumberland.

Newcastle is the capital of Northumberland, a county magnificent in hills and dales, sprinkled everywhere with vestiges of the sanguinary times of the past—piles, fortified farm-houses, and castles with dungeons and everything mediævally complete. Northumberland is probably more abundant in romantic lore and legend, in records of reivers, forays, and grim encounters, than is any other county in the kingdom. Has not the great Sir Walter chanted its praises in many a sounding line? It is practically ignored by the tourist, happily for itself, perhaps! But its craggy, heather-clad hills, its miles on miles of bleak moorland, have a peculiar characteristic charm which have only to be more widely known to be more widely appreciated.

The Old Castle.

To understand Newcastle you have to know first its castle, then its coals, then its river—the Tyne. The site of the castle has determined the site of the town. Newcastle starts in A.D. 120 as a military station under Hadrian. Next, William the Conqueror, desolating Northumberland with fire and sword, gets his eldest son, Robert Curthose, to erect in 1080 a fortress on the site of the old Roman station. This fortress was called New Castle. The present building known as the castle was built on the same site by Henry II. between 1172 and 1177. The passage of time is shown in its deeply dented, crumbling walls. It is the grim old mediæval ancestor of the town; a toothless and blackened old monster. The town gradually grew up around it, in 1882 blossoming at last, under Royal charter, into a city, and boasting of the Right Reverend Ernest Roland Wilberforce, D.D., as Bishop, the old lantern-towered church of St. Nicholas being thenceforward known as the Cathedral.

THE OLD CASTLE.

The High-Level and "Billy."

The Sketch at the top gives an excellent idea of the aspect of the Tyne as seen from the High-Level Bridge—a great feat of engineering, designed by the famous Robert Stephenson, and opened in 1850. The High-Level connects Newcastle and Gateshead; it is 1337 ft. long, the line of railway on the top of it being 112 ft. above high-water mark; and the carriage-way beneath 85 ft. above high water. Together with its approaches, it cost nearly half a million—£491,153. On the Newcastle extremity is placed the old primitive locomotive of George Stephenson, known as "Billy." There is a time-honoured anecdote about Stephenson and his locomotive. "If," said a bucolic gentleman, in the good old days, regarding that novelty critically as it sped along, "if it came in the way of a cow, now, what would happen?" "Why," replied the modest inventor, "it would probably be worse for the cow!" In Newcastle, this joke is considered excessively funny, and is repeated every week in the *Newcastle Chronicle*. Looking at "Billy" as he at present stands, ornamentally, on the Newcastle end of the High-Level Bridge, you would think that the cow would certainly have much the better of an encounter.

Ten Million Tons of Coals.

Last year Newcastle exported over ten million tons of coals and coke: in exact figures 9,604,746 tons of coals, and 441,546 tons of coke. Nearly four millions of these were shipped coastwise; of the remainder Italy and Malta received the largest quantity, viz.—1,334,328 tons. Nearly all the coals are shipped in the Tyne and Northumberland Docks. Tyne Dock, constructed by the North-Eastern Railway Company, has a water area of fifty acres, and a depth on the sill of 24ft. 8in. at high-water spring tides. It lies on the south side of the river, a mile or two from the bar, and there the gas-coals are shipped. Northumberland Dock opposite, on the north side, receives the steam coals: it was constructed by the River Tyne Commissioners, and opened in 1857: it has a water area of fifty-five acres. Steam coals are shipped also in the river, at Whitehill Point. With steamers "dispatch" is everything: and on the Tyne a couple of thousand tons can be loaded in a few hours.

How the Coals are Shipped.

The docks, with their munificence of painted hulls and crowded masts, are a fine sight. On the Tyne, shipping knowledge has reached a high degree of development; I have heard experienced Tynesiders laugh at the primitive shipping notions and methods of the Thames. In the docks, the rattle and rumble of coals as they are poured into the ships' holds, are heard day and night. The coal-waggons run along lofty woodwork erections known as staiths; the waggons are tapped at the bottom, the contents dropping into the mouth of the "spout," which is dipped into the hatchway of the vessel. In the ship's hold the coal is received by the peculiar race of beings known as "trimmers." The trimmers are a gigantic set of mortals with shovels, who manipulate the coal when it comes below, "trimming" it throughout the hold. It falls, of course, all in one heap, and has to be spread. The trimmer, apparently, knows not what suffocation means; he sports a blue flannel shirt, leather knee-guards, and a candle, and the coal seems literally to be poured on the top of him. When his labours are over, however, he creeps out again none the worse, but quite profanely cheerful.

Newcastle Steam-Coals and the Navy.

Local colliery owners and merchants have for a long time past been in a bad way over the preference shown by the Admiralty for Welsh over Northumberland steam-coals for the Navy. The grievance culminated in the form of a protest from a deputation of representative men connected with the coal industry, who waited on Lord George Hamilton, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the other day. Mr. John Morley, senior member for Newcastle, headed the deputation. Lord George Hamilton, in reply to Alexander Milne to the effect that he considered north-country coal unfit for naval service, said of the volume of smoke it emits, which not only reveal the ship to the enemy, but it impossible at times to distinguish signals. Lord George advanced also various other arguments against the employment of north-country coal. The great advantage of Welsh steam-coal for naval purposes seems to be that it is almost smokeless. The deputation does not appear to have immediately improved the position of the north-country coal-owners: but there are certain points to be considered in the case advantageous to northern coal, and it is to be hoped that the naval decision of 1885 not to continue [illegible] will eventually be partially, if not entirely, reversed. The matter is not settled yet. It is certainly hard that a coal possessing [illegible] qualities, which the Welsh coal does not, should be quite tabooed by our Government, when nearly all foreign Governments give it preference.

Various Exports from the Tyne.

Newcastle and the Tyne do not, however, depend on coal exportation alone. Leaving out of sight for the present the huge operations carried on at Lord Armstrong's immense engineering and ordnance Works at Elswick, as well as the vast shipbuilding industries, the following figures may be considered. Last year the Tyne exported 27,000 tons of alkali and soda ash, 29,000 tons of bleaching powder, 12,000 tons of caustic soda, 100,000 tons of soda crystals, 125,000 tons of firebricks and fire-clay goods, 82,000 tons of pig-iron, 20,000 tons of [illegible] and white lead—to mention only a few of the more important items. The banks of the river from Mr. Joseph Cowen's fire-brick works at Blaydon to the sea, a distance of [illegible] or fifteen miles, continue, in fact, [illegible] engine factory with an extensive output in a diversity of products. And Newcastle is the centre which controls the operations and determines the distribution. You can [illegible] Newcastle if you try, despite the [illegible] the Admiralty.

A Great Centre of Industry.

Trade is looking up on the Tyne. There is abundance of employment in the shipyards and elsewhere, and the working-man is beginning to feel cheerful again after a long season of depression. The Tyne is, in fact, essentially what euphemists call a great "centre of industry."

STEPHENSON'S OLD ENGINE, "BILLY."

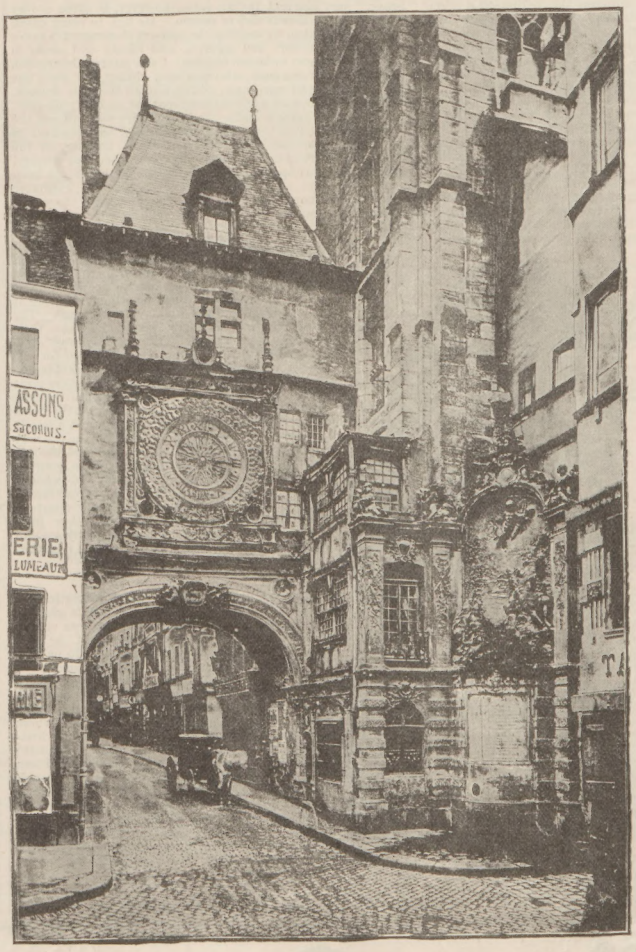
and what Cobbett cheerfully called a hell-hole. Viewed from different standpoints it is the most depressing or the most cheerful thing in the world to journey down the Tyne by boat from Newcastle to Shields. On every hand are the grotesque furnaces vomiting forth flame and smoke, chimneys aspiring cloudwards and darkening and poisoning the air with their emissions, the rattle of hammers against iron frameworks, a great scene of bustle and activity, and a most evil smell of coal, tar, and chemicals. If you are an industrial optimist the spectacle will invigorate you immensely; if you are asthetically inclined you will have dyspepsia for a month afterwards. However, we are very proud of our industrial doings on the Tyne, though they may not look fastidiously picturesque.

Summary.

The foregoing slight indications of the industries of the Tyne explains the *raison d'être* of Newcastle. I leave the city itself and its interesting inhabitants for disquisition in future articles.

W. H. D.

(To be continued.)



ROUEN: THE GROSSE HORLOGE GATEWAY.

CYCLE & CAMERA

THERE is no use of my explaining what I mean to talk about under the heading "Cycling"; it explains itself. But with "Camera" it is different. I intend to have plenty to say about photography, which is now so intimately associated with cycling; but I use this title principally because these columns will be illustrated by photographs.

The two words once suggest touring, about which I hope to have a great deal to write. I know what the touring cyclist will say at once. He can arrange his tours for himself: he knows what he wants to see and how he wants to see it, and he does not care at all for accounts of other people's rides. But I do not wish to describe tours in detail; I merely wish to give suggestions to tell where to go and how to get there, and why certain routes are better than others. What I should like best would be to have other people's suggestions—in fact, to have other people virtually write these notes. If anyone knows of, or comes across a very beautiful place, with good roads on every side of it, whether it is close to London or in Timbuctoo, I want to hear about it.

If he has photographs taken on his ride, and will send them to me, so much the better.

I intend, too, to talk about machines; here, again, to give suggestions and practical hints. Every man, of course, prefers his own machine, just as he has his own ideas about touring; but on this subject, as well, I shall always be glad to hear from other people, and to make use, if possible, of their experience.

Plenty of space will be found for racing, especially just now that the racing season has begun in earnest. The announcements for Whitsuntide alone are enough to satisfy the most intemperate lover of the race-course.

But it is a pity not to make the best of three or four days' holiday this hot weather, and go off on a little tour. If you like to take your ease and ride slowly, it is more sensible to remain in England, going not too far from home. And, indeed, just at this season, however far you might go, you could find nothing lovelier than the southern counties, Surrey and Kent and Hants, and perhaps, above all, Somerset, now the whole country thereabouts is a mass of fruit-blossoms.

But if you enjoy scorching and don't mind a night's discomfort as a beginning to your ride, you could find time enough to

Run up to Paris

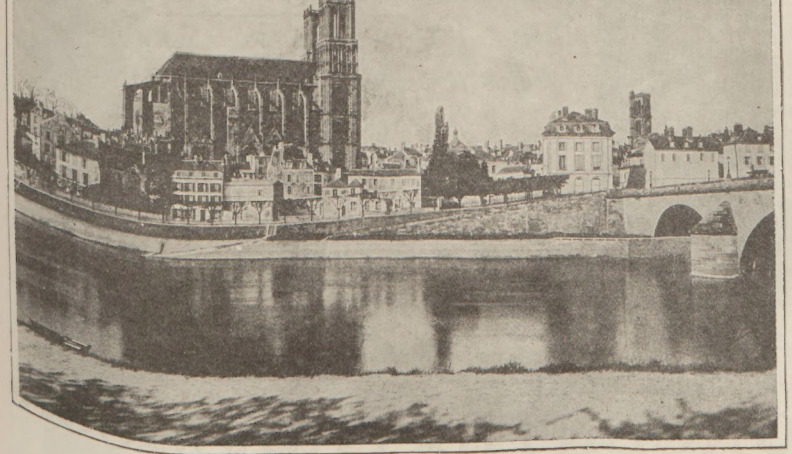
and take a glance—nothing but a glance—at the Exhibition. It is wise to cross by Dieppe, disagreeable as the night crossing is, because you thus do not lose a day, while you escape all trouble with your machine in the Custom House. No duty is charged, though at Calais you have to deposit 50f. on landing.

Of the several possible routes I would recommend as the most interesting the following: to Rouen, where you ought to try to spare a few hours, there is so much to see. One of the photographs reprinted on this page shows the Grosse Horloge, an old gateway on one of the streets leading to the cathedral. Thence to Pont-de-l'Arche, and following the Seine, which is quite as beautiful in its way as the Thames, to Vernon, where there is a fine church, as well as some very picturesque old houses and an old broken-down bridge, to Mantes, with its wonderfully impressive church. The view from across the river at Mantes is given in the second photographic view. You ride therefrom to Saint Germain; through the forest, on the other side of which you get your first view of the Eiffel Tower in the distance, and very ugly it looks, like unsightly scaffolding about an unfinished factory chimney; to Maison-Lafitte, Bezons, Neuilly, and so into Paris by the Porte Maillot.

A shorter route, but less interesting and beautiful, is to go from Rouen to Gisors, leaving the Seine, and then by Pontoise to Poissy and Neuilly.

As to hotels, whether you go to Paris now or later on, the first thing to do is to join the Cyclists' Touring Club, which has made arrangements with three, in different parts of the city, where special rates will be charged to cyclists.

The principal Whitsuntide Race Meetings and races are at Paignton and Torquay, on Monday and Tuesday; Paddington Recreation Grounds, on Monday; Loughborough, on Monday and Tuesday; Stamford-bridge, on Saturday; Southampton, on Monday; Hull, on Monday; Plymouth, on Monday; Lincoln, on Saturday. For anyone who can't decide between touring and racing, the thing to do is, as has been wisely suggested, to make a tour which will include some of the towns where the most interesting races are to be held: thus, to Lincoln for the Saturday Bicycle Sports, to Hull for the Monday Athletic Sports, to Loughborough for the Tuesday Annual Sports. There is only too much that can be done with one's holiday.—N. C. U.



VIEW OF MANTES.

GARDENING IN SEASON.

Flower Garden.

JUST now is the busiest time in all the year, in the flower-garden perhaps more than in any other department. Plant-life in all its various forms is always in a state of the highest activity at this season, after its long rest, and just at present this appears to be the case in an exceptional degree. This is probably owing in part to the really tropical and highly stimulating weather we are now experiencing, and in part to the unusually long, dull, and sunless winter and spring, for after a long period of rest vegetation is invariably more active, when once the tide turns, than after a short one. I never remember seeing things all round so disinclined to move when the spring returned as they were until quite recently, while such rapid progress as has taken place since this forcing-weather—for so it may be truly termed—has set in is quite unusual. Everything, in fact, is growing with such rapidity just now that it is no easy task to keep pace with them, and, strive as he may, the persevering and ambitious horticulturist finds more work awaiting him on all hands than he quite knows how to cope with. But perseverance works wonders. Take one thing at a time, and go at it steadily yet vigorously, always bearing in mind that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and it is surprising how much real work one can get through in the course of a day.

Presumably everyone who takes any interest at all in matters horticultural is aware that the end of May, or, should the weather then prove cold and unfavourable, the early part of June, is the right and proper time to plant out in the open air what are commonly denommated "bedding" plants, a term which includes zonal pelargoniums (vulgarly and incorrectly called geraniums), fuchsias, calceolarias, lobelias, verbenas, petunias, heliotropes, and, in short, all such more or less tender exotic plants as are commonly employed for the summer decoration of the flower-garden. The weather being so eminently favourable, no time should, therefore, be lost in transferring all such plants to their quarters in the open air, for our English summers are so short at the best that we cannot afford to lose any time if it can be avoided, and the sooner our plants are in the ground the sooner will they commence to make a display. Great care should, however, be taken that all such comparatively tender or "half-hardy" subjects are properly "hardened off," as it is termed, before being exposed to the free air of heaven. If removed directly from a warm and close atmosphere to the open air, the growth will receive a severe check, from which the plants will not recover for some time, to say nothing of the foliage becoming brown, red, yellow, and almost every colour but the right one.

Vegetable Garden.

This has, so far, been an exceptionally backward season; and most of the crops are at least two or three weeks behind their usual time. However, a late start is almost invariably a safe one, and with the present condition of most of the crops there is little or nothing to find fault. Potatoes are at last all up, and growing rapidly; if not already done they should be partially earthed up with the hoe, and the operation completed by-and-by when the haulm is somewhat more advanced. Broad beans are rapidly setting and swelling up their pods, and the maturation of those first formed may be materially hastened by pinching out the points of the plants.

Scarlet runners and dwarf or French beans sown at the end of April or during the early part of May are now well up and growing fast. There is no advantage in having these plants too thick on the ground, and they should therefore be thinned to not less than 12 in. apart in the rows; if the soil is deep and rich, as it always should be, they will soon occupy this space with ease. Where tall sticks are scarce, or expensive to purchase, the height of the plants may be materially reduced by pinching out the points of the scarlet runners one or more times during the early stages; but if they can be allowed to attain their full length they will prove more profitable in the end. It is not yet too late to sow more seed of both kinds, if required, or plants raised under glass may be set out at 1 ft. apart. The finest scarlet runner in my experience is the Champion, and the best dwarf bean, Canadian Wonder.

Fruit Garden.

In nearly all parts of the country this is the "full" or bearing year for apples, which, as a rule, afford an abundant crop one year and few or no fruit the next, alternately. In spite of the want of sunshine and warmth last year, apples have this season bloomed splendidly, and, as they can scarcely have failed to set well, a heavy crop may be confidently expected. If fine fruit are desired the roots must be well supplied with moisture and nourishment in a liquid or other form, and, if very thickly set, thinning the fruit will also be advisable.—B. C. R.

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CHATS WITH THE CHILDREN.

SOME months ago a Yorkshireman who, by a lucky stroke of business, had become very wealthy, paid a visit to his native town. He thought of those early days when he was a comparatively poor lad and unknown to all but a few friends, and then he thought of what he had since become and how he had prospered. Before he went away he resolved to make the town a grand present. So he bought a large tract of land some two miles off and gave it to the townspeople for a holiday resort. Many of them, no doubt, had come out there before, on a drive or a picnic, and had feared for the time when the grassy space would be built over. But now it was theirs, and no one could spoil it. And so the townsfolk got up a big meeting to thank their good friend, and in the speech he made, what do you think he said? It was something to this effect: "I have just driven over to see the ground, and although there is plenty of space for quiet grown-up people, I thought there seemed hardly room enough for the boys and girls with their many different games. So I have bought an extra plot of land where they can play about as they please."

* * * * *

Much in the same way, when *The Penny Illustrated Paper* came to be enlarged and improved, the Editor looked over the news pages, and he decided at once that you boys and girls must have a special corner all to yourselves, a whole column of chit-chat which you might look to, week by week, as your "very own."

"Ah!" say our grandfathers and grandmothers, "when I was a boy—when I was a girl—children had not half the good things they get now-a-days. *We* never had such delightful magazines, such wonderful coloured pictures to hang on the walls, such cheap toys, such pleasant trips to the seaside. No preacher ever thought of giving a 'children's ten minutes' at sermon-time. No society was specially formed to send weak and ailing city children down to cottage-homes, or paid for a summer-day's outing on sandy beach or among green fields. Ah! what good things you children do come in for now, to be sure!" I think this is specially true of the boys and girls whose homes are in great bustling towns, and who have none of those every-day enjoyments which country children are used to. Changes come more slowly in village life, where things are often pretty much as they were fifty years ago.

* * * * *

When I was a small boy in knickerbockers, I used to believe, in common with other small boys, that the Red Indians of America were very fine fellows to look at. And I daresay I should have been willing to lay out a good part of my pocket-money to be allowed to see one. Possibly I should have preferred to have some stout iron railings between us, as I still do when I want to look at a rhinoceros or a tiger; but that is "a matter of detail," as grown-up folks say. I suppose the notion of a fierce "brave," or warrior, with eagle-feathers stuck in the hair over his forehead, armed with bow or spear, and galloping wildly over a prairie half as wide as France, is a picture that will always take a boy's fancy. An Indian dance, too, after dark, with yells and animal noises and brandishing of tomahawks—ah! how exciting we used to think it must be! And such, probably, it really is. In fact, I read the other day of a traveller who visited one of the tribes—the Blackfeet I think; and when he came home he thought he would give his family a representation of an Indian war dance. So he cleared a space in the middle of the room and began. But before he had come to the wildest part, his mad antics nearly sent his children into a fit, and his wife was quite sure that he had gone out of his senses.

Yes, there was something *very* wild about an Indian; yet, on the other hand, what a free romantic life it was that he led! We grew to look upon the Redskin as a kind of hero. The real Indian *brave*, however, is often a very different sort of person. He has, in many cases, taken to wearing the cast-off clothing of Yankee hunters and soldiers, and cheats and steals in most unheroic fashion. I saw lately a description of one such, who was seen sitting, not on a fine swift war-horse, but on a small Mexican donkey. He wore a tall chimney-pot hat, an old frock-coat, leggings, and a blanket. "He was tall and the donkey was so little that he had to keep his legs doubled up to prevent them trailing on the ground. And over all, hat, man, and donkey, was spread a huge gingham-umbrella, to keep the sun off." Whatever would Fenimore Cooper or Captain Mayne Reid say "to such a come down"?

* * * * *

All the world seems trying to meet at the Great Exhibition in Paris this summer. Business men from every land have gone there to make money, and pleasure-seekers to spend it. But all go determined to get something, whether it be trade profits or holiday enjoyment. The birds have evidently taken it into their heads to do the same. For not only must some of the fruit from foreign lands laid out for sale be tasty and nice, but the strange-shaped buildings that have been put up here and there must offer some comfortable little out-of-the-way nooks for nest-building. Let us hope that such will not be interfered with. I hear that a family of swallows have taken apartments in the very highest part of the Exhibition—right at the top of the Eiffel Tower. This great iron giant is nearly a thousand feet in height, and when a strong wind is blowing this adventurous family will find they have taken rather airy quarters. Probably, however, like certain other folks *without* wings, they will put up with any amount of discomfort so long as they can feel that they are "moving in high circles."

* * * * *

The swallow has always been a favourite with me. Its wonderfully rapid flight and its graceful twists and turns, as it flits boldly down village street or winding river, make it one of the most interesting birds we have. It comes to us with the welcome summer, and with the summer it goes. Even the London newspapers, filled to the brim with gossip over politics and accounts of great things said and done by great people, generally find space to announce when and where the first swallow has been seen. Like the first-heard notes of the cuckoo, it brings to us pleasant thoughts of warm days near at hand. Then, again, it is said, the swallow is the poor man's weather-glass. If it is seen flying constantly only a little way above the ground, rain is coming. If it rises and flies high above the top of the church spire, then fine weather may be expected. Some of my readers may like to see for themselves how much of truth there is in this old saying.

* * * * *

Post-office work is often done at odd places; the further from headquarters the more simple is the establishment—as, for instance, in out-lying hamlets among the hills or lonely fishing-villages, where it is made part of the work of the general shop, and letters are handed out over the same counter as grocery, string, and ginger-beer. But of all the queer places where a post-office has been set up, the queerest is one in the Magellan Straits, at the extreme end of South America. It consists of a rough cask chained to the rocks just above the waves. Passing ships send a boat to the spot, drop in certain letters, and take out others (according to the direction in which the ship is going). No one is set to watch against dishonesty, but it is said that a case of theft has never been known. COUSIN BENEDICT.

New Pleasure-Ground for South London.—A piece of land containing fourteen acres two roods, in the parishes of Lambeth and Camberwell, known as Myatt's Fields, which has recently been laid out as an open space or garden, has been conveyed by the owners to the London County Council as a free gift to the public.

The People's Palace, Mile-End.—This admirable institution will during Whitsun week have the additional attraction of a Workmen's Exhibition, for which the executive committee, guided by Sir Edmund Hay Currie, are making extremely active preparations. Entries have come in from all parts of the kingdom, thus leading to the expectation that it will be one of the most successful projects yet carried out there, and every exhibit will be the genuine work of the craftsman whose name is attached thereto. Saturday, June 8, is the day of opening.

M. Eiffel.—M. Eiffel's pedigree has just been given. He was born at Dijon in 1832. His father, François Alexandre Bonickausen, who altered his name to Eiffel, for what reason does not appear, was born at Paris in 1795, was in business at Dijon, and died there in 1879. The German or Alsatian origin of "Bonickausen" and "Eiffel" is obvious. The summit of the Eiffel Tower is not yet accessible to visitors, the lift not being quite ready, and thus far the sky has seldom been clear enough to allow of a very extensive view. Indeed, the forty-mile prospect will always be a rare exception. The first storey of the tower, however, affords an unrivalled view of the Exhibition grounds.

The Czar of all the Russias is trembling in his palace again, the Nihilists having come once more to the front.

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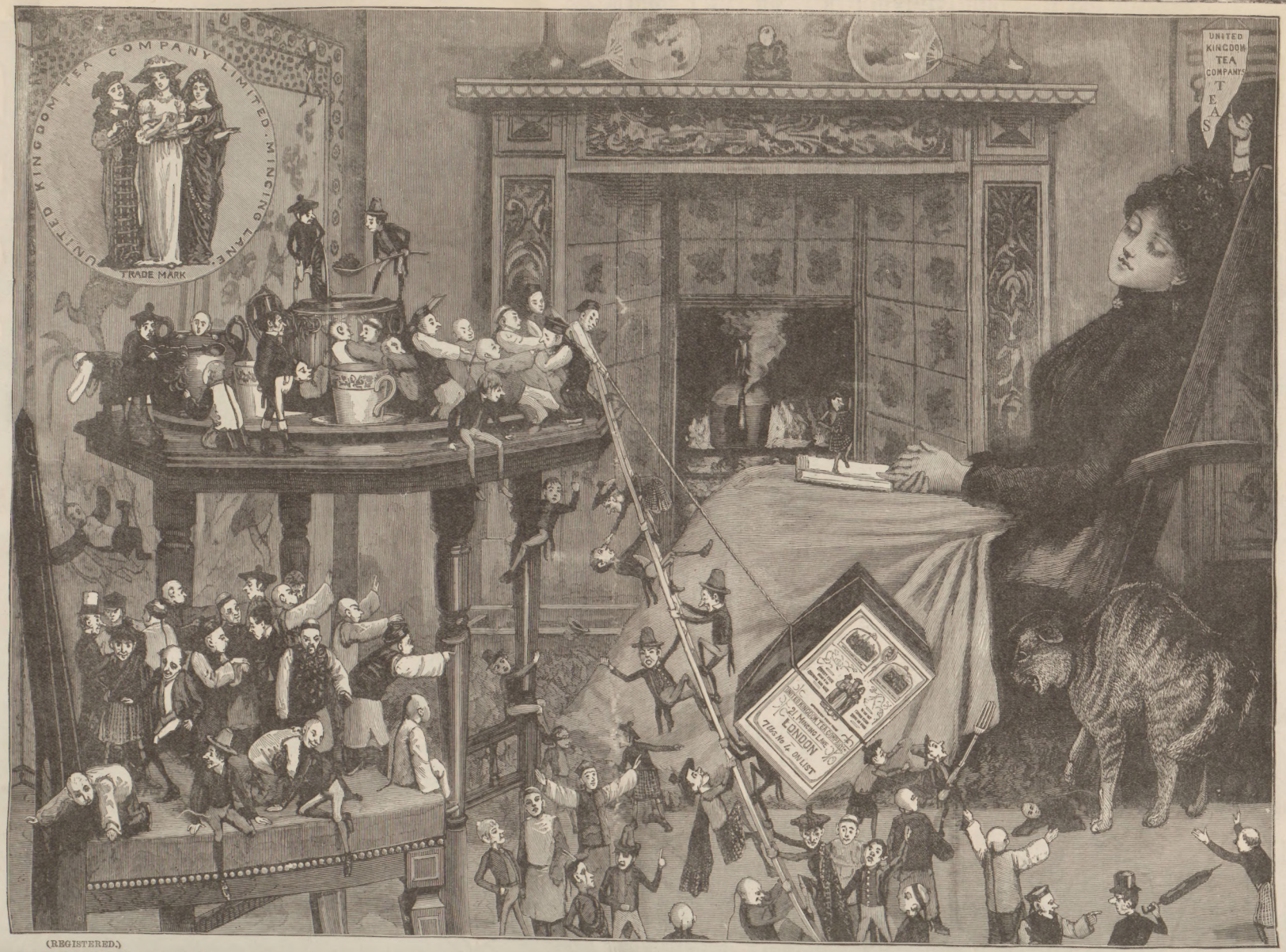

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